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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"



NAIAD Dress Shields

are the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness. They are a necessity to a woman of delicacy and refinement.

They are free from rubber, can be quickly sterilized in boiling water. In all sizes to fit every requirement.



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A necessary hygienic protection to the modern snug fitting dress; assuring a feeling of comfort in the sheerest gown. A dainty undergarment that insures the longer life of the dress skirt. Fastened so they cannot shift out of place.



Two Sizes—50c; 65c.

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The Newest, Coolest, Form-Moulding Garment

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How
BAN

The Worst Bug of All

THE papers say that Queen Mary of England has a horror of microbes, and has all the money scrubbed which she and her royal spouse and children are to handle.

Poor lady! There is no bug that is worse than the one that breeds an excessive fear of disease germs. The germless life would not be worth what it costs, even if it were attainable. But it is not attainable. The bugophobist shies at germs until living is one long alarm, and then the destined germ blows chuckling in and gets there all the same.

Ordinary intelligent precautions are all that are worth taking.

Here is An Idea

ALONG with Upton Sinclair's recent statement to Vincent Astor, that (in effect) there are ten million people in this country below the poverty line, comes the figures given out by the Foreign Missions Conference, that the United States gives more money to foreign missions in the aggregate than any other country.

Assuming that Mr. Sinclair's figures are wrong, and that instead of ten millions there are only five millions in this country below the poverty line, why not inaugurate a movement to export them into heathen lands? They could then be helped by our foreign missionary societies without encroaching upon their principle—namely, that charity begins on the other side of the world.

STUDENT: What must I do in order to be a poet?

TEACHER: Earn your living at something else.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

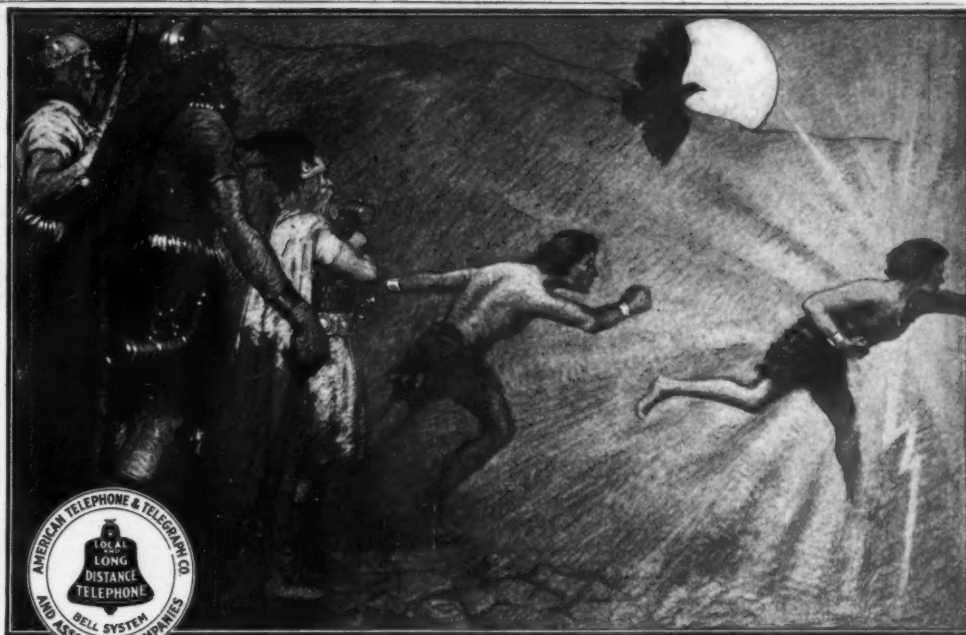
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
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All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." **RANDOLPH & CO.,** Patent Attorneys, Dept. 128, Washington, D. C.



The Magic Flight of Thought

AGES ago, Thor, the champion of the Scandinavian gods, invaded Jotunheim, the land of the giants, and was challenged to feats of skill by Loki, the king.

Thor matched Thialfi, the swiftest of mortals, against Hugi in a footrace. Thrice they swept over the course, but each time Thialfi was hopelessly defeated by Loki's runner.

Loki confessed to Thor afterward that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

But the flight of thought is no longer a magic power of mythical beings, for

the Bell Telephone has made it a common daily experience.

Over the telephone, the spoken thought is transmitted instantly, directly where we send it, outdistancing every other means for the carrying of messages.

In the Bell System, the telephone lines reach throughout the country, and the thoughts of the people are carried with lightning speed in all directions, one mile, a hundred, or two thousand miles away.

And because the Bell System so adequately serves the practical needs of the people, the magic of thought's swift flight occurs 25,000,000 times every twenty-four hours.

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The Ship of Progress

SAILING the Ship of Progress is very much like sailing any other ship. Much depends upon the wind and other weather conditions, of which many variegated kinds have to be dealt with. Not very remotely we had a siege of high winds, but very fitful and uncertain. More recently we had a steady head wind, against which it was almost impossible to advance. Indeed, if it is true that human nature is distinctly conservative, then, of course, a head wind is the prevailing wind. Just now, however, we have an unusually fair wind, under which more progress is made with less fuss than under any other conditions. Nevertheless, we must never relax the vigilance of our weather eye. A storm may come up any time, and occasionally storms arise where all skill fails, and the best sailor is the one that can cling longest to the rigging.



"WE ARE—NOT!"

Are You Eugenic?

Only One Week More

Week after next cometh the Proper Number. Or precisely, Tuesday noon, March third, Edition 400,000. Do not order ahead from your news-dealer. You wouldn't anyway—no one does. Saunter up to the periodical depot where Life is stacked any time after Tuesday noon—Blush slightly as you approach and hand the man ten cents. Remember this day is to be set apart by the American people as a day of modesty. The great Proper Number will be a marvel of Purity.

If you knew how much we hated to build this paragraph, you would be filled with compassion, but the dull, unimaginative business office insists that we insert somewhere on this page the cold uninteresting and unintelligent fact that it takes good money to become a regular subscriber. Here are the vulgar figures: One year \$5 (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04). Special Obey-That-Impulse three months' offer (hedged about with some absurd restriction that it is "open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate") for one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). At least we have omitted the usual coupon, so you will have to write us a letter. That's something. (Also, you don't know the address).

If so, the next number of this usually interesting paper will probably not appeal to you. It will be a Eugenic Number.

EUGENICS.



"NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE REGULARLY"

"BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, I HAVE NO REGULAR ADDRESS"



To Be Continued

THE taller buildings round about
Made his look rather small,
And so he tore his building down
And built one twice as tall.

And then those other buildings looked,
Beside his, rather small;
And so they tore those buildings down
And built some twice as tall.

And then, beside those taller ones,
His own looked rather small;
And so he tore his building down
And built one twice as tall.

Again those other buildings looked,
Beside his, rather small;
And so they tore those buildings down
And built some twice as tall.

Keep that up for about ninety-nine
stanzas and then try this:

The Kaiser built another ship,
And Johnny Bull two more.
The Kaiser built two other ships,
And Johnny Bull built four.

The Kaiser then four vessels built,
And so on, o'er and o'er—
Which left them both, as you can see,
Right where they were before.

Walter G. Doty.

"Gross ignorance produces a dogmatic spirit. He who knows nothing thinks that he can teach others what he has himself just been learning."

—La Bruyère.


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A LATE DEBUTANTE --- SOCIETY'S LEADER NOW!

"Leading Lady"

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CREATED A WONDERFUL SENSATION

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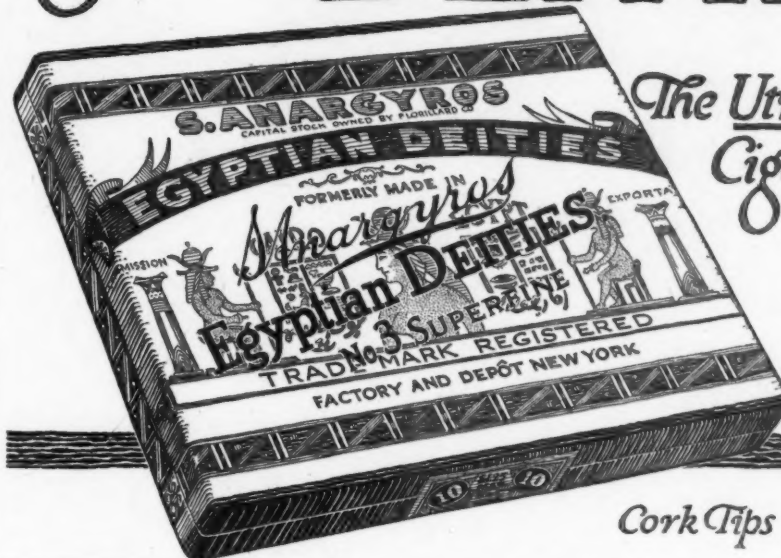
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Egyptian DEITIES



The *Utmost* in
Cigarettes

Cork Tips or Plain

From the Anti-Vivisection Congress at Washington

Dr. Richard Cowan, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, said:

"This mutilation and torture has led many earnest men along the wrong road of research. For more than a quarter of a century I have practiced surgery. During that time I have performed some thousands of operations, yet cannot recall a single instance in which I owed anything to public reports of vivisection experiments. It is my deliberate and considered opinion that vivisection as a method of research is wrong and misleading. It is a terrible mistake to think that disease in animals and in man is the same."

Human vivisection is a fact and is "so widespread as to be called general", declared Frank Stephens, of Philadelphia. After attacking what he called "Friedmann's barbarities," Mr. Stephens charged that Dr. Karl von Ruck, of Asheville, N. C., had acknowledged having used 339 children, 262 of them from the Baptist orphanage at Thomasville, N. C., furnished "by courtesy" of the house physician there, to experiment upon. The children, he said, ranged from two months to thirteen years. The obituary of Dr. von Ruck's experiments, said Mr. Stephens, also will be the "obituary of any children upon whom he and his associates experimented."

Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of Philadelphia, declared that "if the vivisectionists can secure for the charity hospital that absolute power and secrecy which has been gained in animal experimentation, then within the lifetime of men now living human beings will take their place as material for investigation of human ailments."



"ARE THESE LIVE CRABS?"

"I SHOULD THINK YOU'D KNOW; THERE'S ONE BITING YOUR FINGER."

"OH, YES, TO BE SURE! BUT I'M A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST."

Holland

Do you wish to know which are the most interesting, the most picturesque and the quaintest places in Holland?

There are places you absolutely must see in order to appreciate fully the serene beauty, the peaceful atmosphere, the magnificent architecture, the charming costumes and the quaint customs of this

"Land Below the Sea"

Apply for interesting literature, specimen tours, rail and boat excursions, cost of tickets and all further particulars to the American Agency, Netherland State Railways and Flushing Line, 334 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The United States Government Stamp on

Felton's
Crystal Spring
Old Rum

Bottled in Bond, Attests to Age, Strength and Quality in Each Bottle.



A VISION

**of your car,
dangerously skidding on the
slippery Pavement ahead——**

**You have neglected to put on Weed
Chains.**

**You anxiously view the slippery
pavement ahead and have a *mental*
picture of your car "side-swiping" a fellow motorist.**

Why nurse anxiety and coax calamity—why take such chances
when you know

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Absolutely Prevent Skidding

***If you don't equip your car
with Weed Chains, and put
them on when the roads are
slippery and muddy or covered
with snow and ice, you are tak-
ing chances on your own life
and are a serious menace to
every road user.***

**Weed Chains *do not* injure
tires even as much as one little
slip or skid—They are slipped
on in a minute without a jack—
they never fail in an emer-
gency. Join the *safety cam-
paign*—exercise caution.
*Equip your car with
Weed Chains today.***



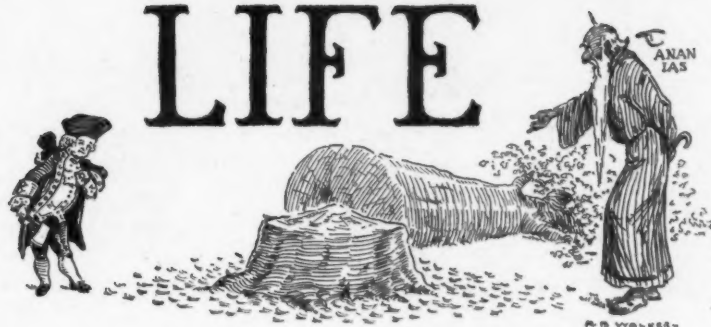
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LIFE



A "Civil" Service Examination

(*"Yes" to all these questions passes.*)

IF appointed, will you regard yourself henceforth as a Lord of the Universe, and all non-official beings as worms of the dust?

Will you refuse superciliously to answer any question put to you by an "outsider"?

Will you consider any request for information a deadly insult?

Will you learn all the varieties of calm insolence extant, and try to devise new ones?

Will you regard yourself as a privileged being in the matter of hours of work and methods of work, disdainfully scorning any change in the interest of efficiency?

Will your heart motto be, "The public be damned"?

Amos R. Wells.



HONEST

"OH! DOCTOR, CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO CURE MY DYSPEPSIA?"

"MY DEAR MADAM, I WISH I COULD. I'D CURE MINE, TOO."

Notes on the Periodicals



IN the *Forum* for February there is an article by Brand Whitlock on The White Slave. It is an article that ought to do anybody good who reads it, especially all the sincere souls in the vociferous army that has made "white slavery" such an all-pervading topic. It will do nobody harm, because it recites no nasty details, and appeals to no emotions except the emotions of human kindness, and of disgust at the immense extravagances and brutalities of deluded people.

Mr. Whitlock was Mayor of Toledo, in Ohio, for a long time, and is our new minister to Belgium. He has a reputation as a reformer with individual novelties of attitude. "Reformers" have come to be associated in contemporary minds with awful things, and have made such an enormous din about everything, but especially about this matter of "white slavery", and said and instigated and done so many objectionable things, that a reputation as a reformer begins to sit on a man very like a suit of striped clothes. One feels, if he is compassionate, that the man has evidently done something he should not have done, but maybe there are human feelings in him still, and perhaps he will come back after he has done his time.

But if Mr. Whitlock has been a reformer it hasn't hurt him. He is still wise and still kind. He has said just what ought to be said about the white slave, and said it so exhaustively, and with such citations of contemporary experience, and such delvings into history, that one wonders, and looks to see, what there is left for Mr. Abraham Flexner to say in his Rockefeller Foundation treatise, just out, which we hear so much commended.

Mr. Flexner is much more statistical than Mr. Whitlock. He presents facts which he has searched for, and is rather shy of offering views except as his facts invite and sustain them. Both

his facts and his views seem to be in accord with most of the impressions and opinions of Mr. Whitlock.

IT is still the open season for autobiographies of editors of the *Outlook*. Following the recent Confessions of the Contributing Editor (now supplemented by his adventures in South America) comes Dr. Lyman Abbott's story of his youth.

Dr. Abbott admits that he was raised. He had parents, and even grandparents, and tells about them, and prints their pictures.

These are wholesome and timely revelations. It is all but universally claimed and admitted nowadays that parents are a mere incident of infancy, something nobody can help, and that ought not to be expected to help anybody very much. Eugenics, nurses and schools, Carnegieized universities and carefully Rockefellerized institutions are expected to make the generations of the future. All that is to be asked of parents is production, and not too much of that, nor yet too little, and with attention, if you please, to the suggestions of the professors and the legislature. That was not the way of it with Dr. Abbott. He was not born, lucky man, in Wisconsin, but in poor, dear, old, old-fashioned Boston, and not lately, but quite a spell ago, and was taken while still young to the State of Maine and raised there.

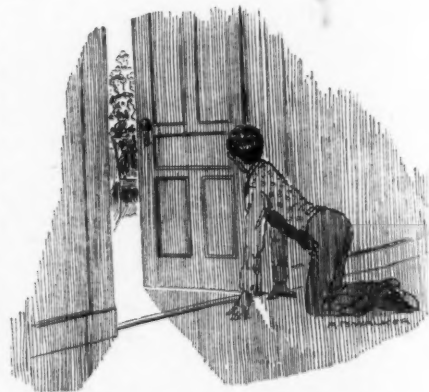
After all, there is something to be said for those old-fashioned substitutes for method. And for their products, too. Dr. Abbott confesses himself to be mere fruit of a family tree. He even confesses that his grandfather was a Puritan (albeit with extensive ameliorations), and he will have to admit presently that his father wrote the Rollo books, and that he was himself the original Rollo. Possibly he might shrink, a home-made article, from being exhibited in a row of modern factory products, but, after all, need he? Of course, he has not given universal satisfaction. The suffragists

suffragist; the prohibitionists because he is not a total abstainer; some of the orthodox think him heretical, and some of the heretics charge him with orthodoxy. Things have happened to him. The mantle of Beecher fell on him. He is a slight figure of a man and Beecher was big. But he carried it off. Only lately he was all but tossed by a bull-moose, but he kept on moving, and he is still very much in the ring.

After all, some of these home-made products wear very well. Dr. Abbott was born in 1835! Make your own computation.

LET us not give up parents altogether until the institutional substitutes have been better tried out. We may want to come back sometime to old methods. Some gifted researcher may some day discover that the most useful people are apt to be born of folks who have not only bodies, but healthy and developed souls, and when our great and growing contemporary foundations have founded everything else, and still lack something of complete contentment with a machine-made world, we may see their directors cast about to found some parents.

To do them justice, that is what they are trying hardest to do as it is. But it is not easy, and endowment may not help it much. Dr. Abbott was lucky to get his ready-made. E. S. M.



BURGLARS? OH, NO. ONLY HIS WIFE GIVING A STAG DINNER



(This picture has no title.)

What Has She Just Said?

*For the Best Answer to This Question Life Will
Give Two Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. The paper upon which the title is sent should contain nothing but the title, with the name and address of the author in the upper left hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, March 14. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from March 14 a check for \$200 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's Easter Number, the issue of April 2.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one. Only one title from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

After Intervention, What Next?

To Editor "Life Press" who are different from other newspapers, because when he print inaccuracy I know how to laugh at it,

DEAREST SIR:—

Japanese Thinking Society, of which I am a membership, met last night p. m. at Samurai Sword Hall (pronounced differently in Japanese) for purpose of debating the question, "After Intervention What Next?" I and several other was blameless for what happened.

I was proud to be amid those Thinkers while they sat there doing so. Nearly 12 personalities was among us looking quite Congressional. Hon. Taki Ito (Progressive) begin with talking exercise.

"Intervention have now arrived in Mexico," he sat it. "Already Senator Penrose have arose upwards to declare that if Mexico cannot be more better governed than Pennsylvania under Penrose then nothing remains but for Powder Trust to blow it off. (Loudy

applause from Senator Dupont who was there, as usually, to see unfair play.) So all cannons in America is now being oiled and 7th Regiment Marine Band is practicing 'Annie Laurie'. War must follow after that."

Sago Fatomuto, President, make knock-knock with hammer.

"You are out of order," he say so with expression peculiar to plumbers. "Everybody realizes with brain that Intervention have already happened. Question before these Thinkers to night is What Next?"

"Now that we have captured Mexico," report Cousin Nogi arising upward and looking very Tillman, "next thing to do is to pacify its residential natives."

"This entertainment can be arranged by Dupont Powder Co and Bethlehem Steel Works," I suggest. "Therefore we shall not worry."

"Such shooting might take 1,000 years," collapse Cousin Nogi. "Mexicans is like other species of goats—they can eat, sleep and grow children while dodging bullets."

Senator Lodge never looked more Unitarian than when I responded,

"Folks furnishing ammunitions by contract seldom grows impatient about finishing battles." This from me with eye flashes.

"Well, now that we have pacified Mexico our next philanthropy must be to free the peons," corrode J. Haro, Japanese photographer.

"What is a peon?" require J. Wanda, Japanese barber.

"A peon is an Aztec with a shovel. He is different from an Aztec with a sword who is called a General. A female peon is a peony." This definition arrive from me with Standard Dictionary expression. "A peon works for 9c a day and don't get it."

"Mr Chair!" holla Cousin Nogi, "I wish to move you."

"What is your emotion?" require Pres Sago Fatomuto.

"I demand a committee to be appointed for free those peons."

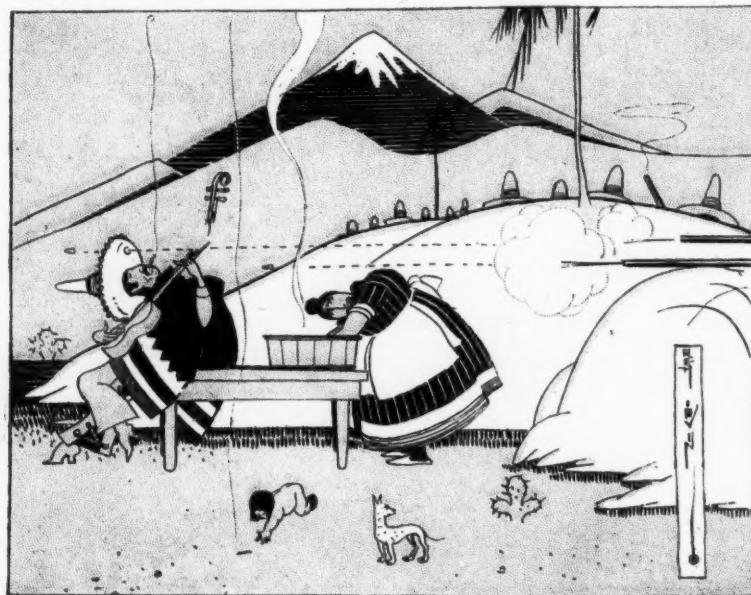
"I appoint Hon. Danl Guggenheim, Hon. Wm H. Taft, Hon. Jno D. Rockefeller and ax-Pres Chas Mellen. These are all nice gentlemen to uplift down-troddy classes without being too sudden about it. Hashimura Togo will please write letter to them telling how to do so."

I write it with my intellectual pen.

"By intense thinking we have accomplished considerable for Mexico." I say while obtaining the floor. "But now there arrive one question of such disgustly importance that I am sly about mentioning it. We have took Mexico, pacified him with Du Pont powder, sent Hon. Gugg to teach them how to be free—and now what? We must supply a President for our sister-in-law republic."

"Mexico have got too much Presidents already," snib Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy. "Wherever you hear shooting you know a new one is beginning to nominate himself."

"I am standing on this floor!" I dib hashly, "and I require others to be quiet while interrupting me. Mex-



"Mexicans eat, sleep and grow children while dodging bullets"



"Sago Fatomuto make knock-knock with hammer"

ico must have a President—otherwise she would be an uncivilized country like Sweden. Question before Japanese Thinking Society is: Who shall we elect for this unsteady office?"

"Wm Jenny Bryan!" eject S. Furo, Japanese grocer. "He understand, Mexican dollars and John Lind."

"Hon. Bryan are too busy to give his entire attention to such jobs," I say so. "We must think up some more serious patriot."

"I denominate Hon. Jo Uncle Cannon!" decry J. Haro, Japanese photographer. "He is very skillful at killing Insurgents and can lose a throne without peev."

"My ticket—Hon. J. Hamlet Lewis!" revoke Cousin Nogi with considerable militancy. "Who can appoint ambassadors more suddenly or withdraw them with less bruising?"

"Hon. Saml Gompers!" some Japanese School-boys bump forth, while Andrew Carnegie nomination were heard with quarrelsome noise peculiar to Peace Societies. Still others start Elihu Root stampede, mentioning his brains while breaking chairs. Great bloodshed would have been enjoyed if Hon. Sago Fatomuto did not make knock-knock for order.

"Silences!" he holla noisly. "Such

behavior are unfit for saloons or other Republican conventions. With so many Presidents in the field you would start more revolutions than customary in Mexico. With a few more of such nihilism you would have Bryanistas and Carnegistas depopulating each other all over Torreon while Gen. Huerta sat, as usual, in Capitol borrowing money from Lord Cowdrey. No! After how you acted I shall not permit Mexico to have a President."

"What shall it do, then?" require all Japanese Thinkers together like chorus girls.

"When Mexico are properly intervened, then we shall obtain for her most fashionable government possible," say Hon. Chair. "We shall rule her by a Business Manager."

All Japanese Thinkers turn their eyebrows in gen. direction of South American jungle.

"South America are too far for such searchings," refine Hon. Fatomuto. "Therefore I appoint Hashimura Togo go Dayton, Ohio, and see what can be obtained for 1,000\$ monthly and commissions."

So I depart Westly feeling quite punctured.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

Work For Dr. Shaw

REV. DR. ANNA SHAW was reported to have said that she would not pay her income tax. It looked as though she had not read the passage about rendering unto Caesar what is his.

But she says that was all a mistake; that she will pay her income tax if the government says she owes it, and that she is dead against militancy and thinks nothing is to be gained by it for any good cause.

So, perhaps, after all, the reverend lady has looked into the text-book of her profession. She ought to start a Bible class for Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Medill-McCormick and ex-Miss Milholland.

ASSUME a complexion if you have it not.

That Delaware Luxury

ANYONE who is good at figures could undoubtedly present a very formidable estimate of what it costs us all for the joy of having a little strip of land along the Delaware River set apart as a separate state. Every additional state we have adds to the expense of the Federal Government, to say nothing of increasing the labor and expense of statistical tables. Five million dollars would be low for Delaware in this regard. And, of course, only a small proportion of this is taxed against the people of Delaware, who, no doubt, cherish this privilege more dearly than any of the rest of us. If they had to pay it all themselves, the average per voter would be about \$125 a year. Before we make any final move to get rid of Delaware, we might put it squarely up to them. If they are willing to pay the piper, we might be willing to let them go on dancing.

Interior Epigram

EVERY little stomach has a meaning all its own.



SOME PEOPLE HATE TO BE TOLD THE TRUTH

LIFE

Lay Boheem

An Opera in Four Reels by Poorsheeni, With the Original French Text of Henri Malingier

Rudolph, a toned deaf tenor.
Marcel, a blithering baritone.
Schaunard, a dilapidated ditto.
Colline, a bonehead bass.
Mimi, a squawky soprano.
Musette, a calloused contralto.

REEL I.

SCENE—The attic of the Four Muskeeters, Rudolph being dramatic, Marcel chromatic, Schaunard asthmatic, Colline dogmatic, and the air operatic. Rudolph and Marcel are discovered hard at work, the former looking out of the window, the latter doing nothing.

RUDOLPH (*with a smile that shows gold fillings and a voice that shows hardware*): Entre nous tout ensemble, lèse majesté. (*Marcel waves her paintbrush.*)

MARCEL (*with mesalliance*): Arc de triomphe double entendre, haut sauterne.

RUDOLPH (*with a shiver de freeze*): Hors du combat champs élysées, couleur de rose. (*He attempts to make a fire out of a play he has written. Not being a good play, it does not draw.*)

SCHAUNARD (*entering with Colline and producing a Latin quarter to show that he has money*): Embonpoint esprit de corps, vive le roi.

COLLINE (*producing rabbits from a hat and vegetables from an empty bottle*): Pince nez, dumas père hôtel de ville. (*All go out but Rudolph, who pleads arrondissement. Hearing a rap he goes to the door and finds Mimi, who is wrapping a scarf about her neck.*)

MIMI: S'il vous plait, apropos des bottles, aux armes citoyens. (*She coughs.*)

RUDOLPH (*with embrasure*): Pièce de resistance nom de plume, c'est a dire.

MIMI (*with lingerie. This should have been printed "lingeringly"*): Comme il faut dieu et mon droit. (*Coughs again. Hers is a barky rôle.*)

RUDOLPH (*rising to his fete*): Omelette soufflée sans peur et sans reproche. (*Mimi drops her key and stands on it while they look for it.*)

MIMI (*still on the key*): Amour propre pomme de terre, bois de boulogne.

RUDOLPH (*off the key*): Pot-pourri,
 Jeu d'esprit,
 Par exemple,
 Vis-a-vis.

MIMI (*with a smile of insouciance. This word has several meanings. In this case it means business*): Qu'est ce que c'est que ça pas du tout quelque chose. (*She gets off the key and picks it up.*) They go out together singing: "Quand c'est apple-blossom temps dans Normandie".

REEL II.

Scene—A Square in the Quarter, so called because you can get a square meal there for a quarter. The place is crowded with grisettes, soubrettes, cabarets and cascadeurs. Enter the Four Muskeeters and Mimi, who wears a new hat that is a bird.

RUDOLPH (*tenderloinly*): Bon jour, noblesse oblige, vive la bagatelle.

MIMI (*with diablerie. This is a Gascon word meaning neuritis*): Soupe de bouillon cyrano de bergerac, porte saint martin. (*They sit at a table. He drinks a glass of majolica and she an entente cordial.*)

MARCEL (*absinthe-mindedly*): Champ de mars mise-en-scène, en déshabille. (*Musette enters in a père la chaise.*)

MUSETTE (*archly. They call her an archer because she toxophilite*): Chateaux en espagne maître d'hôtel rue de rivoli.

MARCEL (*with a soupçon of francness*): Coquelin aîné mounet sully louis philippe.

MUSETTE (*with bouillabaisse. This refers to her narsty disposition*): Eau de vie fête champêtre, laissez faire. (*Marcel calls a cochon and they ride away.*)

REEL III.

Scene—The exterior of a kibosh in the enfer-ior part of the cité. Musette is within singing chiffon-temps chansons.

MIMI (*entering in a cabriolet, which means pitiful condition*): Chambre des députés, sauve qui peut fromage débris.

MARCEL (*coming out of the kibosh dressed in a negligé passepertout*): Renaissance ambigu opera comique.

RUDOLPH (*appearing at the window with a look of hauteur, which shows that he has been in hot water*): Jardin des plantes folies bergères, rouget de liste.

MIMI (*falling on the pavement and breaking her engagement*): Boeuf à la mode, fait accompli venus de milo. (*Two chevaliers d'industrie enter and carry her off to the Castile.*)

REEL IV.

Scene—The attic again. The Four Muskeeters discovered. Mimi and Musette enter, clad simply in Charlotte russes. Mimi sings:

Affaire du coeur.
 Arrière pensée.
 Dernier ressort,
 Absinthe frappée.

She dies. Musette weeps and spoils her make-up, so that she and Marcel have to make up all over again.

LE BOUT.

Quincy Kilby.



THE PASSING OF THE DIVIDEND



AT THE SOCIETY CIRCUS
SOME BRILLIANT BARE-BACK RIDING

ALCOHOL is no respecter of persons.



His Fiancée: WE CAN ECONOMIZE ON CHAIRS, JACK;
I'LL SIT IN YOUR LAP



PUZZLE PICTURE
FIND THE WHITE SLAVE



NO SICKLY SENTIMENTALIST

THIS charming little portrait of Dr. Knerv Pynchor shows him at his best—at the work he loves. His is the personal charm of the real enthusiast.

One of his important contributions to science is the discovery that a cat, stimulated by turpentine in its eyes and throat, can linger for several days with its intestines partially removed. His two associates in this splendid discovery, Dr. Futyll Wurk and A. de Generett Khuss, M. D., believe it will result in a sure cure for gout, cancer, poverty, tuberculosis, and housemaids' knee—or any disease you care to mention.

The triumphs of the vivisector are, indeed, countless.



THE QUICKEST WAY

Professors



A/SW

IT is to wish that more professors would graduate from our universities. A professorship in a university shouldn't be a life job. It is too easy. Teaching uncritical young men and women something out of a book is a very good experience, but it is only a step in the evolution of a human being. After that should come teaching mature, middle-aged and elderly men something that is not down in books.

It is no trick for students to graduate from our colleges. It is expected of them, and the way is greased; but all the blocks are set against the graduation of professors. When a professor shows signs of growth, especially among the social sciences, he is not armed with an honorable diploma and sent forth with God-speed, but is more liable to be ignominiously dismissed. Some day our universities will change all this and provide for the honorable moving on of faithful and intelligent members of the faculty, but in the meantime we shall have to reserve all our admiration for those rare boundless souls who upset all traditions and fly forth from the academic nest willy-nilly.

E. O. J.



"WHIST, FEYTH—YON'S ANITHER AULD CLO'S MON. YE CAN SPARE THE BREEKS!"

Kinemadventure

"COME, sit by my side, and listen well,"
Said the old, old man to the little lad;
"There's many a tale that I can tell
Of thrilling adventures that I have had.
I mind how I paddled many a mile
Where the tide of the mighty Congo flows——"
"I know," said the lad, with a beaming smile,
"I've seen that stream at the movie shows."

"I paddled long and I paddled far,
And far tramped I o'er the jungle sod,
Where wildest spots of Africa are
And white man's foot has but seldom trod.
I saw the buffalo plunge and snort
In the miry fords of the upper Nile——"
"Yes," cried the boy, "I know that sport;
It's been in the movies quite a while."

"And once where the big Zambezi roars,
As all of its water, downward hurled,
Into a mighty chasm pours,
A fall so vast that it shakes the world,
I stood amazed as I watched the sight;
No greater moment I hope to know——"
"Yes," said the boy, "'Twas just last night
I saw those falls at the movie show."



"WHERE DO DEY MAKE DE REAL FLOWERS, GEORGIE?"



"I HAVE EGGS AS CHEAP AS THIRTY CENTS, MA'AM, BUT I
WOULDN'T GUARANTEE 'EM"

"WELL, SEND ME A DOZEN, PLEASE. THEY'LL DO TO LEND
THE NEIGHBORS"

"Ahem!" said the old, old man. "No doubt
It would seem impressive to you to learn
That I have followed the North Star out
To lands where the red auroras burn;
Where the world stands wan in the icy air,
I have stricken the kingly white bear——"
"Yes," said the lad, "it's great up there;
I've seen such hunts at the picture show."

"Now woe is me!" said the gaffer old,
"The world of adventure, with all its scenes,
To-day on a reel of film is rolled
And flashed to life on the movie screens.
My day is past, and it seems no place
Save Heaven remains, where they do not go——"
"I saw," cried the lad, with shining face,
"A Heaven film at the movie show."

Dean Collins.

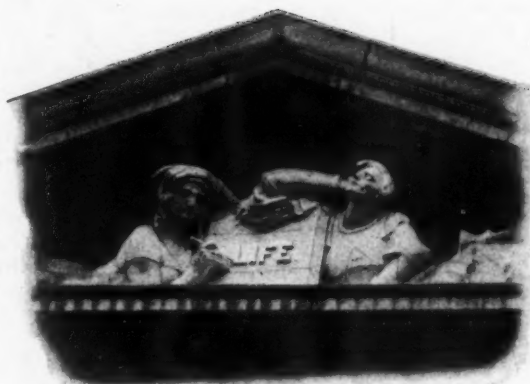
Inadequate

FIRST CHARITY VISITOR: How did you find poor
Mrs. Holcomb?

SECOND CHARITY VISITOR: Nearly frozen.

FIRST CHARITY VISITOR: Nearly frozen? I thought St.
Andrew's Helping Hand Society sent her a lot of
clothes?

SECOND CHARITY VISITOR: It did; and she had them all
on—seven peekaboo waists and four slit skirts.



THIS sculptured pediment of the New York public library, just completed, seems intended as a well-merited tribute to art and literature as personified by a famous periodical. When once decided that a periodical should be thus honored, it was natural, of course, to select the best.

Our thanks to the gentlemen who made this decision.



SHIFTING THE BURDEN



Dog: THE PROFESSOR IS SO ABSENT-MINDED HE TAKES ME FOR A STEAMER RUG

"G. O. K."

A NEEDLESS surgical operation may be poor fun for the victim, but the surgeon himself seems to have a sense of humor. This anecdote, printed in *The Open Door*, throws its ray of light into dark places.

Mr. Roger W. Babson says that in looking up appendicitis cases, he learned that in seventeen per cent. of the operations for that disease, the post-mortem examinations showed that the appendix was in perfect condition. "The whole subject," he adds, "reminds me of a true story I heard in London recently. In the hospitals there, the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as 'T. B.' for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips, when his curiosity was aroused by the number on which the letters 'G. O. K.' appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around:

"There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G. O. K. in London. What is it, anyhow?"

"Oh, that means 'God only knows,'" replied the English physician."

Male Stenographers Wanted

Washington, Jan. 5.—The Government is urgently in need of competent stenographers and typewriters. In fact the demand far exceeds the supply.—*Daily Paper*.



THE government will have to apply at the eugenic office and find out how a supply of male stenographers can be bred. There seem

not to be many in the market nowadays. From \$840 to \$900 a year is what the government pays them to start with. Perhaps that is not enough even for a male. Competent women hereabouts get more than that. But why this cry for male stenographers? The ladies have possessed themselves of this occupation, and, as always happens, the men have considerably retired from it. That is the part of discretion. In the branches in which women excel, men cannot compete with them. They don't try. They find another job.

Are not the women stenographers competent, that the government wants men?

What airs!



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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DIVISIONS are reported in the Pankhurst family, Christabel and her mother inclining now, it seems, back to pacific methods, and

Sylvia, aged about twenty-two, standing firm for war.

Of course, there are good points for the Pankhursts in this division. As a family they will be able now to draw on both wings of their party, and can reunite later on whichever basis looks most advantageous.

Mrs. Corra Harris, of Georgia, who is sojourning in New York to satisfy herself that it is quite impossible for people to live good lives in cities, has disclosed in the *Independent* her impressions of the Feminist movement. "To tell the honest truth," she says, "I don't see much motion yet in the movement. *** It doesn't move. And it never will till the men fall in line."

But Mr. Hapgood is in line!

Mrs. Harris is a suffragist, but she talks very oddly about it. She says, in effect, that men are well-meaning and affectionate and have been for thousands of generations, and that they ought to be gently dealt with, and that "the thing to do is to use the same finesse and patience in winning the man over to the Feminist movement that we have employed to get his wealth and his wages for these thousands of years".

Possibly if some of the present leaders of the Suffragist-Feminist movement could be assigned to staff duty, and a command given to Mrs. Harris,

the move in the Feminist movement might become more perceptible. But there is no sign of any such change. We read instead of the dissatisfaction of the Suffragist ladies with President Wilson because he avoids committing himself to their side, and of a project for a great demonstration in Washington this spring in favor of a suffrage amendment to the Constitution, and of a hearty determination to range the suffrage states in line against Dr. Wilson and the Democratic party at the next Presidential election.



IN the *New York Times* for February 8th was printed the prospectus and program of the Religious Citizenship League, a militant organization, which is "making extensive plans" and has organized in New York "a committee of one hundred to guide the movement". Its plans "mean warfare for positive social measures". A list of some of them was given. It began with suffrage for women and included twenty-five items, ending with government telephones and telegraphs and Federal supervision of railways and steamship lines.

Its president, Dr. Rauschenbusch, of Rochester, is quoted as saying: "If the religious people get together, nothing can stand in their way."

Perhaps not, but, fortunately, nothing can get them into agreement on legislation to regulate all business and human life.

A Religious Citizenship League is about the last thing that will make the laws of the United States. If it could, what would become of the Bull Moose party?

Have some sense, brethren! Make the people religious all you can, but keep the laws secular. Abandon the folly of trying to codify the gospel and put it into the statute book. That is an infallible means of spoiling two very valuable things, the gospel and the law.



IT is rather sad to see the *Survey* and (apparently) all the host of the social workers out for a new Federal child-labor bill which proposes to stretch the constitutional provisions for the regulation of interstate commerce to cover denial of transit from state to state to products of factories that employ children under fourteen years old.

This is the Beveridge child-labor bill with its beams re-tricked and improvements put in. It is careful for the children, but cruel to the Constitution, which would be cheated by its passage.

Is it not possible to take care of the children without cheating the Constitution? If there is to be a Federal child-labor law, the Constitution should be amended to permit it.

And, by the way. Who shall do some necessary social work among the social workers?

Young women, twenty years old and upward, go into social work; very valuable women, most of them; devoted, intelligent, great-hearted, enthusiastic. One such young woman died the other day at twenty-three, pretty clearly from overwork in social service. The eulogy of her, which was printed, said "her system was depleted" so that she died from after-effects of measles. Another admirable young woman, a Jewess, died a year or two ago as a result of running her motor-car into a tree when she was over-tired. Her story was much like this recent one; a splendid girl, allowed



Employer of Child Labor: THESE BE MY JEWELS

in the early twenties to spend her last ounce of strength in social service.

Girls in the early twenties are not good judges of their own physical limitations. Social service is immensely engrossing to certain sympathetic temperaments, who will drive at it until they drop.

They ought not to drop. There should be someone to check them. Authority is little in fashion; obedience is out of date, especially among ardent young women, but there seems to be need in the social service of such organization as shall put the young recruits under older and experienced women, who know when to say Stop! and have power to act. Even the social

workers, when they are young, need mothering.



CAROLINE got judgment of separation from Charles on the ground, the newspapers say, "of cruel and inhuman treatment, consisting in part of smashing dishes and objecting to her keeping boarders". The Appellate Court in Brooklyn has reversed the judgment, observing:

Even if the home is jointly owned, the husband has the right to regulate

the household and it is his duty to do so and to say what persons are to share his home.

So that is the law, unless a still higher court reverses it!

Well: A man has a right to object to boarders if he doesn't want them, and he has a right "to regulate the household".

But so has the woman. It is her right, also, to regulate her household and say what persons are to share her home. It is her right, too, to object to boarders if she doesn't want them. The law should sustain her in it. We hope it does.

If women are not to get the man's kingdom away from him, their authority must be sustained in the kingdom which is theirs.



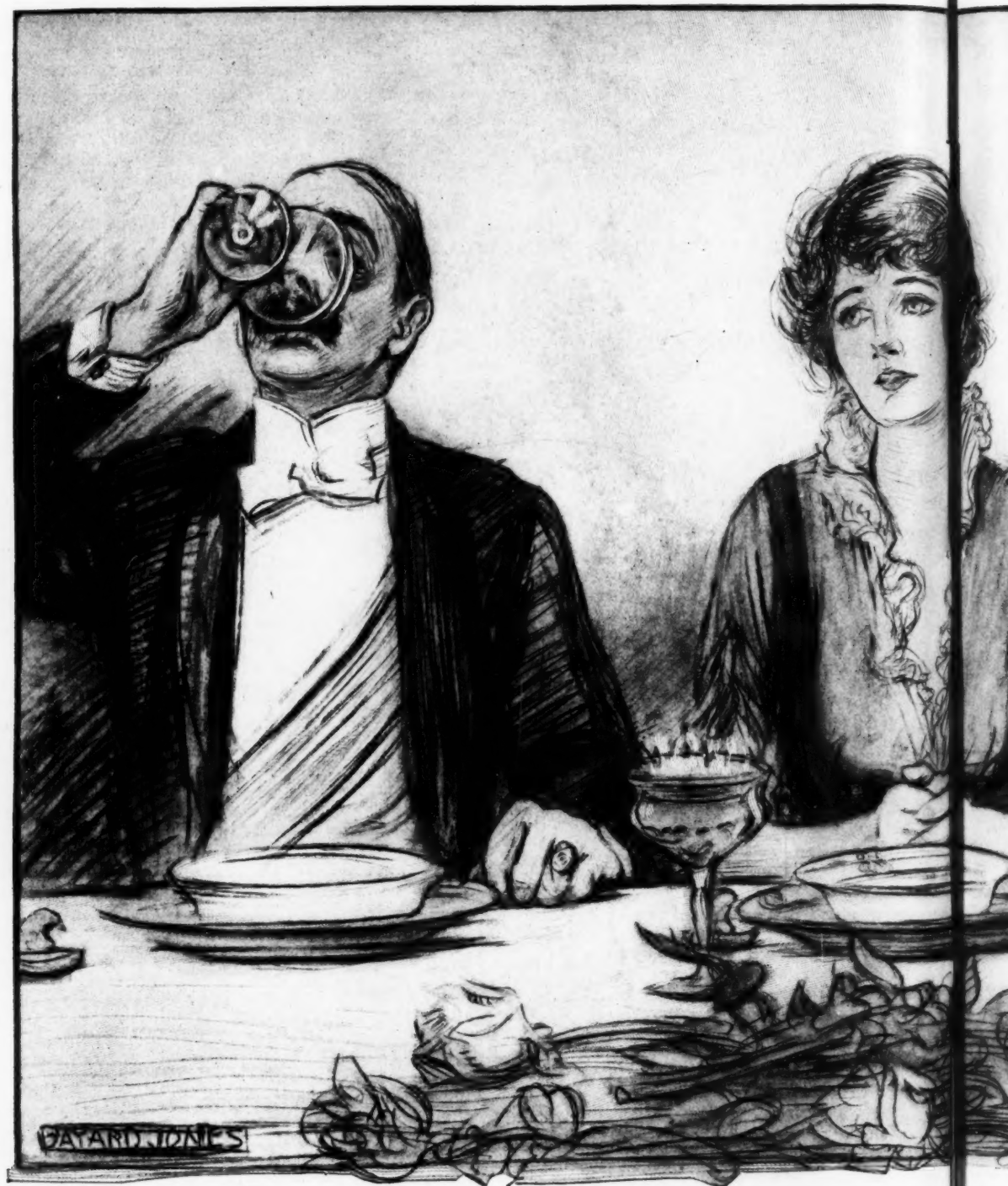
THERE is a pretty general sentiment among persons who have read Mr. Hull's income tax law that Congress might at small cost ease some of the hard places in life by employing some moderately expert writer to translate bills into comprehensible English before they become laws. We believe the State of Wisconsin, which is an example to all the states of what to do, and occasionally of what not to do, provides its legislation with practiced assistance of this sort.

There are comparatively few complaints about paying the income tax, but there is an enormous wail over the difficulty of learning what to pay and how to pay it. If President Wilson could have spent a morning privately with Mr. Hull's bill, for literary purposes only, immense affliction might have been spared our patient people.

The President has troubles enough of his own, and ought not to cobble bills, of course; but someone should.

The latest malignancy that the income tax has developed at this writing is its descent upon all the clubs, which must pay it, it seems, unless they can make a successful claim to be "operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific or educational purposes".

Awful!



"The female the



the female the species"



The Ever Present Ticket Question



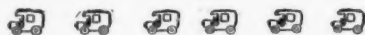
ARE the managers coming in out of the rain? Are they beginning to realize that it is no longer safe to beat the public just because you have the whip-hand and are able to beat the public? Are they beginning to realize that a good many of their hardships of this season are due to the greedy methods of dealing with the public for the past ten or fifteen years?

Does any one believe for an instant that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger mean what they say when they claim that they are anxious for *the sake of the public* to assist the District Attorney's office and other authorities to wipe out the practices in selling theatre tickets by which they have profited so long? Or does their offer of assistance mean that they want to get next to what the authorities are doing so that they can protect their present methods of doing business or so that they can arrange some loophole through which they can work new plans for making their patrons pay more than their advertised prices for their tickets of admission to their theatres?

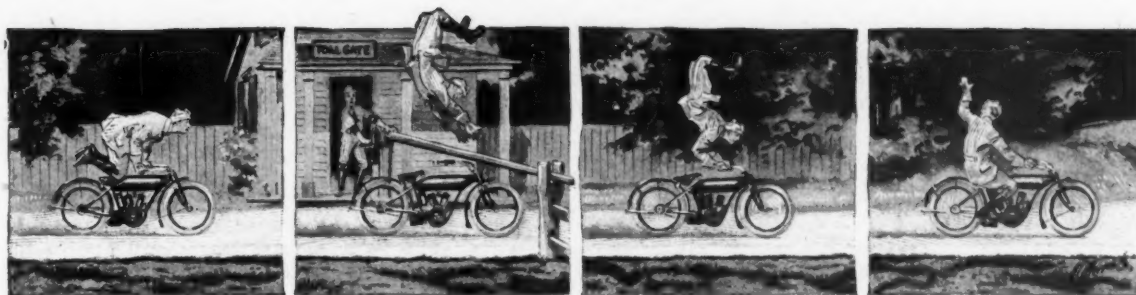


RIGHTLY or wrongly, the Court of Appeals holds that a theatre is not a public place. That august tribunal has been prompt and decided in its defense of the managers against the individual seeking justice. Therefore the managers have come to believe that they can do as they please with their tickets and that it is only a question of what petty trick or mean subterfuge they can next resort to to exact the last possible penny from a public that apparently loves to be robbed.

Men in other businesses find it worth while to cultivate the good will of those whose custom gives them a livelihood. The manager with a successful play in his theatre seems to believe that he can take the utmost advantage of that particular opportunity to pluck his patrons regardless of any future ill-will they may bear him and his house. The public is largely to blame for that managerial belief. Given a successful play and the public flocks to it, often recklessly of the cost and rarely with any thought of who the manager is or of past grievances. The greater the impositions which are inflicted and the more arrogant the treatment received, the more anxious the public seems to be swindled and treated with contempt.



TO expect good faith on the part of the managers in dealing with the easy public is too much. In fact to believe playwrights, actors and others who live by the theatre, managerial good faith does not exist. In no other calling is the spoken word, or even the written contract, of so little value and the amount and character



HOW HE DID IT

apparent enjoyment of what she is doing. And she seems to have a talent for finding just the kind of songs that easily find their way into popular understanding and popular enjoyment. Her present play, "When Claudia Smiles", is a diverting trifle made over for her uses and brought up to date from "Vivian's Papas", seen here some seasons since, and which in turn was derived from a French farce. In spite of its origin, it is not very shocking, although dealing with the kind of material most popular in gay Patee. Mr. Harry Conor is her competent foil, and the rest of the cast aids effectively in the general merriment.

"When Claudia Smiles" every one else does, and when Blanche Ring sings every one joins in the chorus. She would be an efficient aid in some churches to stimulate congregational singing—if she could pick the songs.



THE thrilling effects of one of the playlets at the Princess has made it necessary to add to the resources of that little theatre a "first aid to the nervous" department. Aromatic spirits of ammonia or smelling salts provide an entirely sufficient antidote in the cases treated, as none of them are serious.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Seven Keys to Baldpate." Diverting mystery farce, very well done and with a short, sharp shock for its final climax.

Belasco.—"The Secret," by Henri Bernstein. Frances Starr and good company in a well-staged drama whose foundation is the analysis of a not entirely agreeable female character.

Booth.—"Omar the Tentmaker." Spectacular and poetic Oriental drama dealing with the quatrains, life and philosophy of Omar Khayyam.

Casino.—"High Jinks." Elizabeth Murray and Mr. Tom Lewis heading the fun-making forces in a rather jolly girl-and-music show.

Century Opera House.—Adequate renderings of the prominent operas in English at popular prices, with weekly change of bill.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Laughable and well-acted stage version of Mr. Montague Glass's microscopic studies of the New York Jew in the cloak-and-suit trade.

Comedy.—"Kitty MacKay," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Delightful and mirthful comedy of Scotch life admirably done by Scotch actors.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Mr. Hartley Manners's agreeable comedy, with Miss Laurette Taylor's amusing and attractive portrayal of the Irish-American girl turned adrift among her British relatives.

Eltinge.—"The Yellow Ticket," by Michael Morton. Unusually strong cast in melodrama of international life, with the scene placed in St. Petersburg.

Empire.—Maude Adams in "The Legend of Leonora," by J. M. Barrie. Part comedy and part burlesque of English court procedure. Interesting but not up to the level of other accomplishments of the same author and star in combination.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Girl on the Film." Good example of the London type of girl-and-music show.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." Attempt at depiction of some phases of New York life, but the real attraction one scene of decidedly objectionable quality.

Fulton.—"The Misleading Lady." Farce dealing with situations arising from the flirtation of a frivolous young person with a man of primitive and strenuous instincts.

Gaiety.—"Young Wisdom," by Rachel Crothers, with the Taliaferro sisters as joint stars in an unusually clever comedy, with some stage reflections on some eugenic problems.

Garrick.—Mr. H. V. Esmond and Eva Moore in "The Dear Fool." Light drama of British manners and morals showing a more liberal spirit in the latter than we usually attribute to our cousins across the sea.

Globe.—"The Queen of the Movies." Tuneful and well-staged girl-and-music show of the Americanized Austro-Germanic school.

Harris.—"The Rule of 3." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"America." Bigness and spectacularity with effective stage pictures and thrilling stunts.

Hudson.—"A Little Water on the Side," with Mr. William Collier and his family in the cast. Farcical comedy displaying the Collier brand of fun.

Knickerbocker.—"The Laughing Husband." Well-cast girl-and-music show of the Continental variety, with the dancing features emphasized.

Longacre.—Miss Dorothy Donnelly and Lou Tellegen in "Maria Rosa." Drama, very Spanish in atmosphere and motive. Well-staged story of peasant tragedy.

Lyceum.—"The Land of Promise," by Mr.

Somerset Maugham, with Miss Billie Burke as the star. Interesting drama of life in the Canadian Northwest.

Little.—"The Philanderer," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Talky but witty and cleverly paradoxical comedy well acted by English company.

Lyric.—Mr. William Faversham in Shakespearean repertory, beginning with "Othello." Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—Return engagement of "The Whip." Conventional English melodrama with all sorts of villainy and startling effects.

Marine Elliott's.—"Help Wanted." Notice later.

Playhouse.—"The Things That Count." Pleasant and sentimental little play of homely life in upper and lower New York.

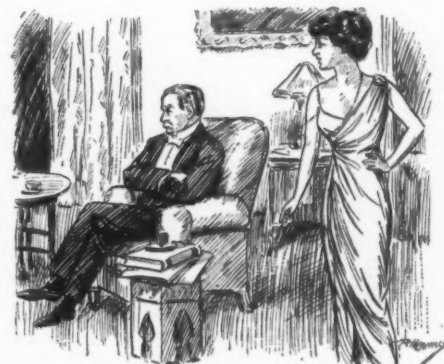
Princess.—Five playlets, all interesting and well done, with some of them giving even the most hardened playgoer a thrill.

Shubert.—"A Thousand Years Ago." Poetic fantasy of the Orient elaborately staged and well performed. Decidedly out of the usual line.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Blanche Ring in "When Claudia Smiles," by Anne Caldwell. See above.

Wallack's.—"Grumpy." Comedy drama interesting in plot and acted by London company, with Mr. Cyril Maude's finished impersonation of the title character.

Winter Garden.—"The Whirl of the World." All the latest styles in chorus girls, upper Tenderloin music, and Jewish comedians, with elaborate background of costumes and scenery.



"A THING OF BEAUTY MAY BE A JAW FOREVER"



LAST week Monday was ground-hog day. Which is when our fat friend, the woodchuck, after a more or less extended period of retirement, is supposed to stick an experimental nose above ground in order to size up the prospects of spring. So that this is a particularly appropriate and auspicious moment to find another old friend of ours, also notorious for his *embonpoint*, his pig-headedness and his capacity as a prophet, suddenly protruding a familiar countenance after a season of eclipse. G. K. Chesterton, the authentic Chesterton of the early essays, of "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy" and "The Man Who Was Thursday"—that spiritually disinherited knight and intellectual Ivanhoe who used, a few years back, to ride so debonairly into the literary lists to joust for the honor of Mysticism in Distress against the ponderous champions of Modernity and Matter-of-Fact—G. K. Chesterton has come back. Or at least (to return to our woodchucks) he has thrust a little "fantastic comedy" called "Magic" out into the February sun from the hole where he has been hiding, and anyone who cares to look at the cover can see his shadow on it.

"Magic" (Putnam, \$1.00) is indeed a fantastic little comedy. Its characters are sketched with the lightest of strokes, yet for all their sketchiness they not only reveal personalities of their own, but disclose allegorical *alter egos* which move us to delighted laughter by the masked criticism of their satirical implications. It is—but it would be cowardly if not criminal to particularize. Indeed, it would also be futile. For "Magic" is one of those delicious absurdities which, according to the momentary responsiveness of our psychic selves or to the fundamental formulæ of our mental make-ups, either leaves us a trifle puzzled and wholly bored, shrugging impatient shoulders at the incredible inconsequentiality with which some of our fellow humans can face a serious world; or else, with an elfin uncanniness, flashes a dancing spotlight of illumination on the forgotten truth by which we live. You obey your temperament when you takes your choice.

BACK in the days when eggs were twelve cents a dozen and it was thought necessary to be careful of them, thrifty cooks, when they baked an angel-

cake (into the heavenly composition of which only the whites of eggs were allowed to enter), always compounded the felony of unthrift with their consciences by also making a sun-cake—a bright yellow confection which owed its gaudy appearance and racy flavor to its habit of subsisting wholly upon yolks. But, of course, now that eggs are eighty cents a dozen these little economies have come to be looked upon as rather piffling, and their very possibility might escape our memories were it not for Mr. Irvin S. Cobb.

Mr. Cobb is a thrifty literary house-keeper; and as his nature happens to be strikingly egg-like in the duality of its make-up—a limpid layer of the most delicately albuminous sentiment surrounding a center of rich, yolkish and yellow humor—he has adopted the device of publishing, yearly and simultaneously, an angel-cake book and a sun-cake book. Last year the first was called "Back Home" and contained short stories of a little southern town in the days following the war. The second was called "Cobb's Anatomy" and was uproarious but somewhat rank. This year we have "The Escape of Mr. Trimm" and "Cobb's Bill of Fare". The first (Doran, \$1.25) is again made up of short stories; the shuddersome account of the wanderings of an escaped but handcuffed convict, followed by further tales of reconstruction days in the South and of reconstructed days in the North. The second (Doran, 75 cents), the bill of fare, consists of four courses, "Vittles", "Music", "Art", and "Sport", and is



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Airman, by Captain C. Mellor, C. E. The diary of an English officer who, in telling us how he learned to fly, goes far toward telling us what flying is like.

Cobb's Bill of Fare, by Irvin S. Cobb. See above.

The Escape of Mr. Trimm, by Irvin S. Cobb. See above.

Folk of the Woods, by Lucius C. Pardee. An attractive volume in which a lover of the open has put his animal lore into bedtime tales for a child.

Gold, by Stewart Edward White. A trip to California with some Forty-Niners. A simple-seeming yarn that nevertheless puts it over in telling fashion.

The Happy Ship, by Stephen French Whitman. See above.

In Search of a Husband, by Cora Harris. A volume that shoots off strings

of epigrams, like Chinese crackers, at the temple gate of an indiscriminating cynicism.

The Joy of Youth, by Eden Phillpotts. A love story as full of life as though it were the first of its ilk—instead of being the first for some years.

The Life of the Fly, by J. H. Fabre. Three more insect biographies and a treat in the shape of some chapters of the author's autobiography.

Magic, by G. K. Chesterton. See above.

Mothering on Perilous, by Lucy Furman. Charming chapters from a teacher's life in a Kentucky mountain school settlement.

O Pioneers, by Willa Sibert Cather. A fine-grained story of transplanted lives and slow spiritual acclimatization on the Nebraska prairies.

Our Eternities, by Maurice Maeterlinck. All that can be fairly predicated

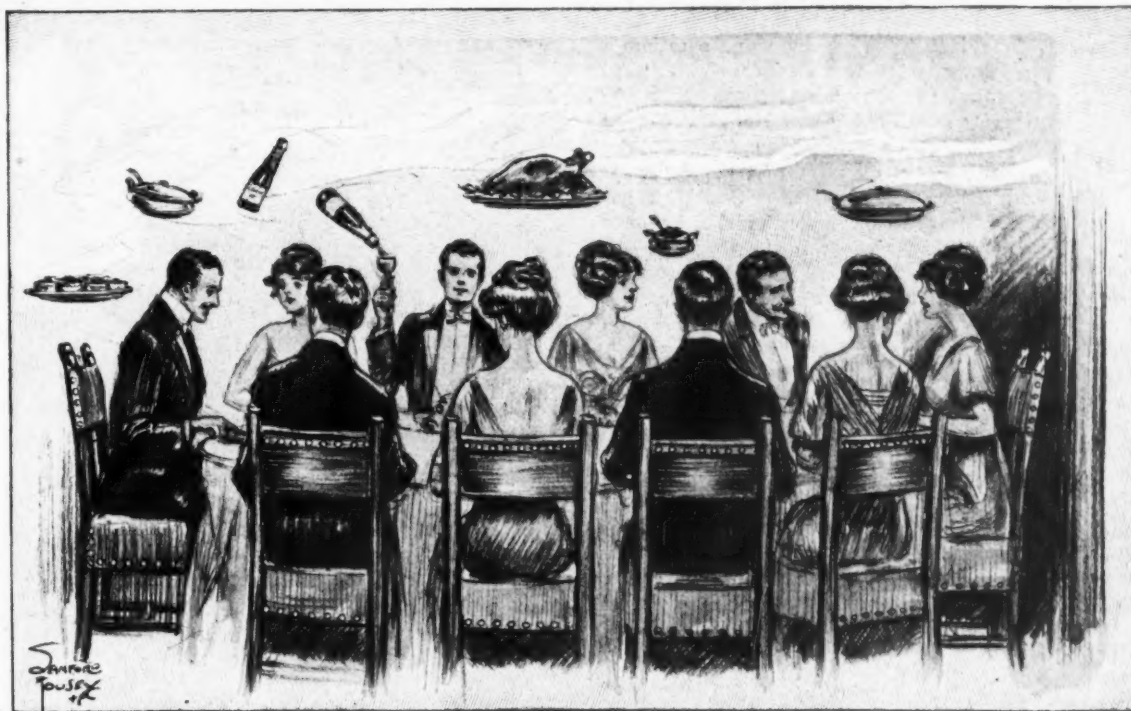
about immortality summed up with simplicity, succinctness and a sort of crystalline beauty.

The Poison Belt, by A. Conan Doyle. In which the quartet who found "The Lost World" occupy reserved seats at the finish of this one.

Salt Water Ballads, by John Masefield. This sea-singer's early verses—some of them well worth reprinting.

A Traveler at Forty, by Theodore Dreiser. A book in which we cross the Atlantic with a most interesting companion only to find ourselves thenceforth in alternately crass or commonplace company.

T. Tembarom, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The romance of a New York newsboy and an English lost heir in which it is nip-and-tuck who has the best time, Mrs. Burnett or her readers.



A SPIRITUALISTIC BANQUET

not recommended to people with finicky palates—the truth being that Mr. Cobb's eggs are not always carefully candled.

IT isn't often, to be plain spoken, that one is inclined to be enthusiastic over volumes of short stories. So many of them are mere mausoleums for magazine fiction. And so many more are, when all is said, only the respectable, jog-trotty, purely utilitarian purveyors of the family supplies of pick-up reading. But now and again one finds a genuine creative impulse expressing itself in this form, and then such a volume is a delight; as is "The Happy Ship" (McBride, Nast, \$1.25), in which are gathered Stephen French Whitman's Kiplingesque yet richly individual reports of the conversations, confidences and yarns of two United States bluejackets. The authentic odor of cosmopolitanism—no perfumer's triple extract, but the racy breath of the crushed flower itself—exhales from these stories; and that sweet but heady scent the attar of wanderlust.

J. B. Kerfoot.

On With the Dance

THE *Appeal to Reason* is inclined to look upon the revival of dancing as of much significance. "There are indications," it says, "that it is related to the world-awakening and the vision of better things." The *Appeal to Reason* has often been called pessimistic, but there is nothing pessimistic about that statement. If there is a world-awakening on the tapis, the tango is undoubtedly related to it, but, as we make our occasional tours of inspection of *thés dansants* and see those who are most devoted and most expert, we have difficulty in connecting the craze

with a vision of any sort. Yet, as it is a much pleasanter attitude to take than that of many of our ministers, who bitterly oppose the tango because they don't know what it is, we shall hold it as long as possible. We shall hope, with the *Appeal*, that the "world-hope is getting into the feet". On with the dance!



"I COULDN'T GET INTO IT, OFFICER, BUT I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO SHOW IT!"

The New Pulpit Drama



THE idea of making the pulpit over into a stage and improvising plays which shall bring home important truths to the congregation, is perhaps not bad, and the Rev. Austen Kempton, of Cambridge, should apply for a patent immediately. This gentleman, the pastor of a leading Baptist church in Cambridge, has not only produced a play with real scenery and costumes, but has persuaded someone to impersonate a sinful man and his terror, to say nothing of a blind boy who takes the part of a result. According to the papers, the performance was witnessed by double the usual number of auditors.

Could this not be improved upon, however, if real sinners, selected from the congregation, were made to take part in the plays? Let us assume that the wealthiest man in the congregation had made all of his money out of a protective tariff, had contributed for years to Republican campaign funds, and was profiting by child labor. And suppose, for the good of the cause, he was induced to act out his secret feeling of guilt—what crowds would come! And how much more good it would do him than under the present system, where millionaires can only feebly placate their own feelings by giving away huge sums for charity!

Fashion Note

THE black silk slip-cover that comes with a gift umbrella is rarely utilized for its original purpose. But the deft fingers of a handy housewife may easily transform it, at slight trouble and expense, into a fashionable skirt. No refitting or re-shaping necessary. Simply turn the affair upside down, cut off the metal end, and attach a belt. See that the slash comes at the side.



"JULIA, HAVE YOU SEEN MY NEW WHITE SILK WAISTCOAT?"
"YES, DEAR; I HAVE IT ON."



"I HEAR THAT A NEW BABY HAS ARRIVED AT YOUR HOUSE, BILLY"

"YES, AN' JUDGIN' BY THE CLOTHES, AN' THE CRIB, AN' THE THINGS I E BROUGHT WITH HIM, I GUESS HE'S GOIN' TO STAY."

We Shudder

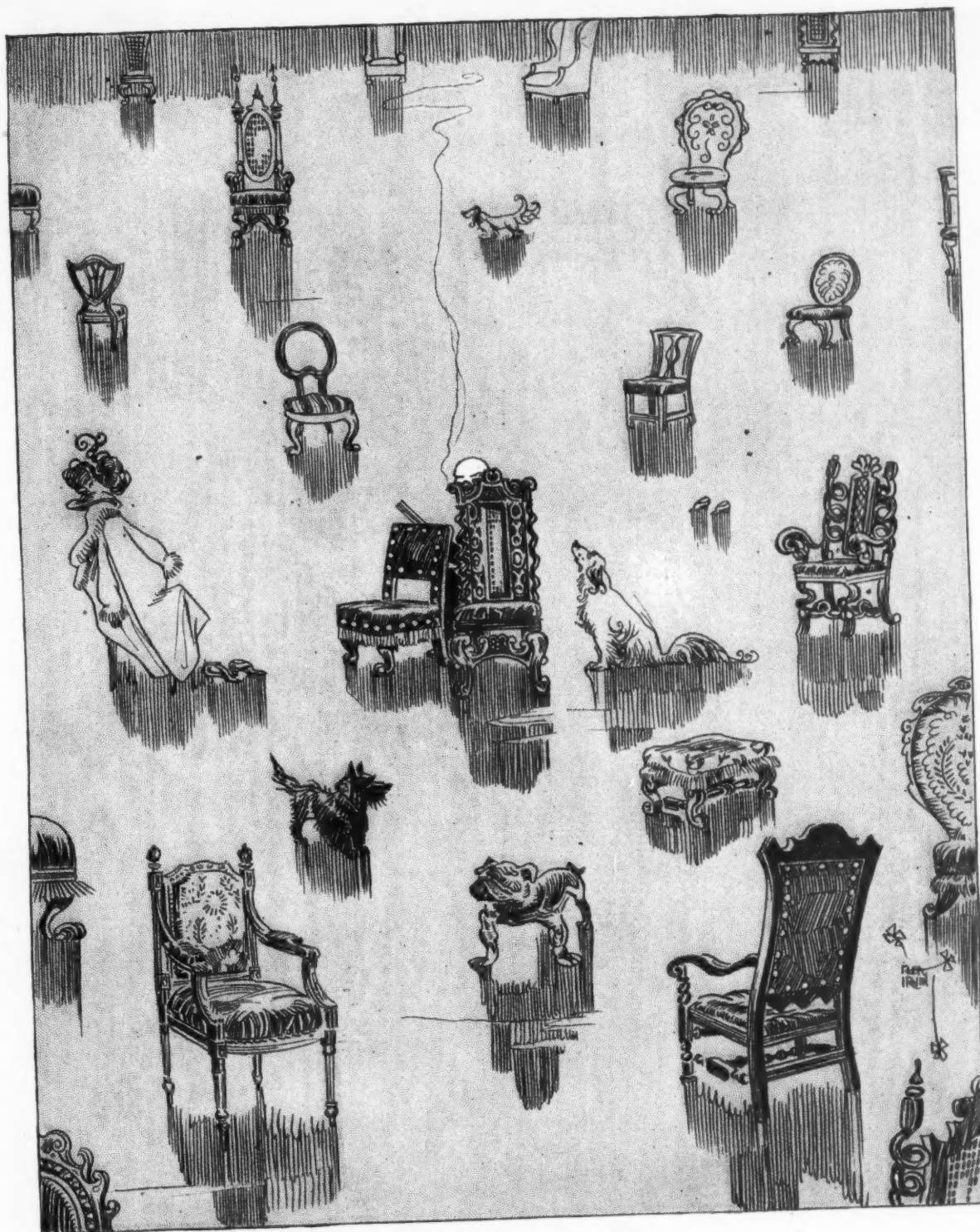
AT the National Conference on Race Betterment, held not long ago in Battle Creek, some of the delegates evidently forgot themselves. This dreadful thing about American girls was reported as being lettered by Dr. Carolyn Geisel, of Rome, Ga.:

"Women's schools are inefficient because they fail to prepare women either for livelihood or motherhood. Graduates come out of women's schools physical wrecks with a valueless flood of useless information and a penchant for fashions which leave them as nearly nude as the law will allow."

Until we read this treasonable statement of Dr. Geisel's we were laboring under the impression that our modern girls who attend women's schools were the soul of modesty and shrinking retirement; that they spent most of their time in disciplining their minds and acquiring self-control; that they denied themselves material things, bent their energies to household duties, and delighted in helping their parents to live within their income.

Can it be possible that Dr. Geisel, who is reported by the *New York Times* as being a woman and by the *New York Sun* as being a man, has inadvertently struck the nail on the head? Shocking!

THE officers of the National Guard at Albany have been protesting against vaccination for typhoid, on the ground that it makes it the more difficult for them to get recruits. A man will enlist in the army and take his chance of being shot for his country, but there is apparently no glory in dying of vaccination.



POPULAR ILLUSTRATORS AT WORK
ORSON LOWELL

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable.

Savage or Civilized?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
Sir:

It is quite fitting that LIFE, true to its name and meaning, should be an exponent of anti-vivisection. May I rise to inquire what is the difference between a savage who tortures a defenseless civilized man and a civilized man who tortures a "civilized" defenseless animal? If torturing animals in the name of science is the license of civilized man, I don't know but what it were better to have been born a savage. The savage has the apoogy of ignorance at least. But what of a civilized man who can stand by and see a poor, dumb animal squeal and squeak in agony because, forsooth, civilized man is seeking to find a way to prolong his own existence? When will we learn that the power that tends toward true existence lies not in torture but in Love?

Mary Baker Eddy says in *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, "All nature teaches God's love to man"; and it occurs to me to ask, how can man love nature or God as we are instinctively commanded, by torturing any of His creation, and reversing the blessing? It is a sad commentary on man's otherwise progress to find him with those fine instincts of which God's real man is capable, resorting to methods which the finer animals, a faithful and sagacious dog, for instance, would revolt at. If man's earthly existence is to be prolonged by or through the process of vivisection and with the approval of the Creator of the universe, one would almost be tempted to say that the Creator must be ashamed of His advanced creation and to pray that the work be done over. So far as I am personally concerned, I never want to be a beneficiary of so barbarous a practice—rather annihilation and oblivion, if that were possible.

C. SCHWEITZER.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.,
December 15, 1913.

Words to a Woman

EDITOR OF LIFE,
Dear Sir:

In case you should not see fit to reply to your "Iowa Suffragette" correspondent, who, in strictly modern womanly self-appreciation, asks, "Now would you, honestly, wish your wife to be what women were a century ago?" prefacing the question with an assured implication that we all admire the modern woman infinitely more than we esteem her grandmother or great-grandmother, per-

mit me, candidly, to inform your correspondent "whose name is legion" that the egotism of the modern woman has made her strangely blind both to the merits of her grandmothers, her own glaring defects, and the real estimate in which she is held by the men round about her. Judged by the generation now being reared by her, the scant prospect that any other generation will ever appear if her advanced ideas prevail, and the destruction of the ideals of the home, motherhood, and love, which alone had lifted woman to the exalted place she occupied in the love and veneration of men "a hundred years ago", and by the decline of chivalry among men to-day in their treatment of women, it is apparent that the woman of to-day is hardly a worthy descendant of her ancestors, and certainly had scant excuse for slurring them, or in the language of Mr. Chesterton, "indulging in the aristocratic modern pleasure of not only not honoring but despising" them.

We suggest that our Iowa suffragette read history more and rose-colored suffragette literature less.

THOS. H. LIPSCOMB.

A Modern Man
(His Name is Legion).

STARKVILLE, MISS.,
January 15, 1914.

No More "Frisco"

EDITOR LIFE,
New York.

Life has been graphically, if blasphemously, described as "just one damned thing after another"—most of it good, some of it bad, yet not all sunshine and showers. But there is one "damned thing" after the other in LIFE that not only gets my goat, but also makes me mad. The first time that I met it, in the January 8th edition, I passed it by with a sinister frown; but the next time—well, I have to "up and yawp".

The sliver in the finger is "Frisco", which uncovered its horns on page 72, and then I met it face to face again in reading about "Gold". Heavings, man! Nothing so crosses the grain and raises the hair of a real, bred-in-the-bone Californian like calling our sainted city "Frisco". In the first place, also in the last place, there is no such place as "Frisco" in California. It is neither a good nor any other sort of an excuse as a contraction for "San Francisco"—our dearly beloved but naughty San Francisco. The name, we will admit, is a little long, but we rather like it, and under the pure food law we object to a substitute. Life may be short, but please



"HELLO! IS THAT INFORMATION?
WELL, THIS IS TILLIE SMIF. HAVE YE
SEEN ANYTHING O' MY KITTEN?"

make it sweet by not mentioning our dear old San Francisco with such an impediment in your speech as "Frisco", casting thereby a slur on the sacred name of Saint Francis. San Francisco may be "frisky", but never "Frisco".

GEO. H. STIPP

SAN JOSE, CALIF.,
January 9, 1914.

Unimaginative?

EDITOR LIFE,
Dear Sir:

There is a question which has been puzzling me for years, and I know of no one who can answer it unless it's you. I have come to have a child-like faith in the clearness of your vision.

But why is it whenever my eye meets a picture of a scene from a play I am never for an instant deceived into thinking it a scene from actual life?

Whether it be a representation of a street scene, or in an office, or a store, or a dressing-room, or of cowboys, or soldiers, or of ladies and gentlemen, not for an instant is the mind deceived, but one instantly says, "It is a scene from a play".

It seems strange this should always be so. At least one should be deceived for a second or two.

Is it really true that the best art is the art which conceals art?

Sincerely yours,

JOHN T. JACOBS.

GREELEY, COLO.,
January 10, 1914.

HUDSON Six-40

The Reign of Sixes

The Hudson Six-40 brings a new realm under rule of Sixes. This \$1,750 price, this lightness, this low operative cost give to this Six resistless attractions found in no other type of car.

FIFTY-FOUR out of 79 exhibitors at New York's 14th annual automobile show displayed six-cylinder cars as their best offerings.

Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

That emphasizes the swing to Sixes.

In 1905 there were 196 exhibitors, of which 68 were single or two cylinder cars. The same thing was said then against the development of the Four as some are today predicting for the Six. Yet two years later the two-cylinder exhibits dropped out completely. That, as a bit of history, to set the mind at ease as to the future.

The appeal of the six is resistless. It is so smooth-running, so flexible, so free from vibration, so economical of tires. It rides like constant coasting. At two miles an hour or sixty, in crowded streets or in climbing hills, one rarely needs to change from high gear.

Sixes have suffered handicaps. They have always been heavy and costly. Their fuel cost was excessive. But men paid the price for their comfort and luxury. And they forced the best makers—all save one—to supply their demand for Sixes.

Now the Hudson Six-40 Brings a New Day in Sixes

Now the HUDSON engineers, who always lead, bring out a new-type Six. A Six with a small-bore, long-stroke motor, such as Europe is using to minimize weight and fuel cost.

The have built a Six-40, with extra tonneau seats, which weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's four-cylinder—the HUDSON "37"—with shorter wheelbase and lesser power. And this new-type Six,

which shows 47 horsepower, consumes one-fourth less fuel than the HUDSON "37."

The price is \$1,750. Not a comparable car, whatever the type, has ever been sold so low.

Note what this means. A much lighter car than the best we could do in Fours. A much lower fuel cost. And a price attained by no other makers in a car of this size, class and power.

So everything now—in this HUDSON Six-40—is in favor of the Six. Men who want light weight, low fuel consumption, and the lowest price in a quality car, must come to this Six to get them.

Legions of men, to whom cost has barred Sixes, will now find this Six-40 the only affordable car.

A Distinguished Body New-Style Equipment

This car also brings out new ideals in beauty, new conveniences, new equipment features. The Streamline body—now the vogue in Europe—is shown here in perfection. Flowing lines

from tip to tip without the awkward dash angle. You will find, we think, no other car so handsome and impressive.

Then note the new features which we list below. Some of these attractions have never before appeared in any American car.

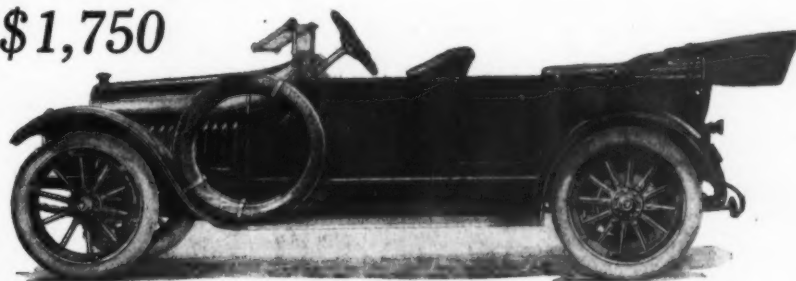
Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, in finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase. It has more power. And the price is \$2,250.

Go to your local Hudson dealer and see these new-type Sixes. Go early because we are now—in midwinter—weeks behind on orders. Even for spring delivery you should make decision now. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page "Critical Analysis of 1914 Motor Cars" will be mailed to you on request.

HUDSON Six-40

\$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One Man" top made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.

Dimming Searchlights.
Concealed Hinges.
Concealed Speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.

Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, \$1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1,950. (119)

Hudson Motor Car Company, 7805 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



The City Child

My small Suzanne, who has recently begun to study geography, came to dinner from her home work the other evening with a puzzled look. "Daddy," she said, "I don't exactly understand about the Rocky Mountains—what they divide, I mean. Will you explain it to me, please?" At the end of a rather detailed explanation she exclaimed joyfully: "Oh, now I understand. Thank you, daddy. You know I always supposed before that Fifth Avenue divided the East from the West."

—Harper's Magazine.

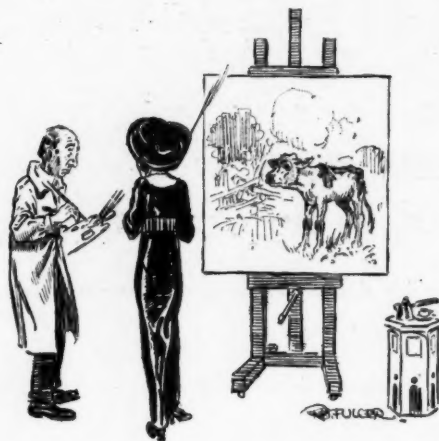
"Where will Mrs. Dobs go now that both her daughters are married? To her son-in-law's house in Birmingham, or to that of her son-in-law in Leeds?"

"One wants her in Birmingham and the other wishes she would go to Leeds."

"What dutiful sons-in-law!"

"I beg your pardon. The one in Birmingham wants her in Leeds; the one in Leeds wants her in Birmingham."

—Tit-Bits.



"WHAT I DO SO ADMIRE ABOUT YOUR WORK, MR. DOBSON, IS THAT YOU PUT SO MUCH OF YOURSELF INTO IT!"

Mary's Animal Show

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely "rat".
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat, too,
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the Zoo,
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,
She had all Nature "skinned".

—National Humane Review.

Penalty of Distinction

"I represent the dignity of labor," said the man in his shirt-sleeves.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "and you can work in your shirt-sleeves and speak your mind, and quit work when your regular hours are through. I've got to wear a high hat and guard every word I speak, and keep busy sixteen hours a day. I represent the labor of dignity."

—Washington Star.

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Safety Demands Brakes That Won't Fail

You can't be sure of your brakes unless your brake lining is 100% dependable. That means—first to last.

Brake lining that fails you in emergency is 100% perilous.

by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why it is used exclusively by so many makers of foremost cars, such as the Peerless, Lozier, White, American, Fiat, National, Marmon, etc.

Thermoid represents 60% more labor and contains 50% more ma-

Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining—100%

To be dependable, brake lining must give uniform gripping power clear through—not merely on the outside. Then it remains reliable till worn paper-thin. Such is Thermoid.

Cut a strip of Thermoid open. Break open the ordinary. Compare their centers. You can see the difference in gripping power.

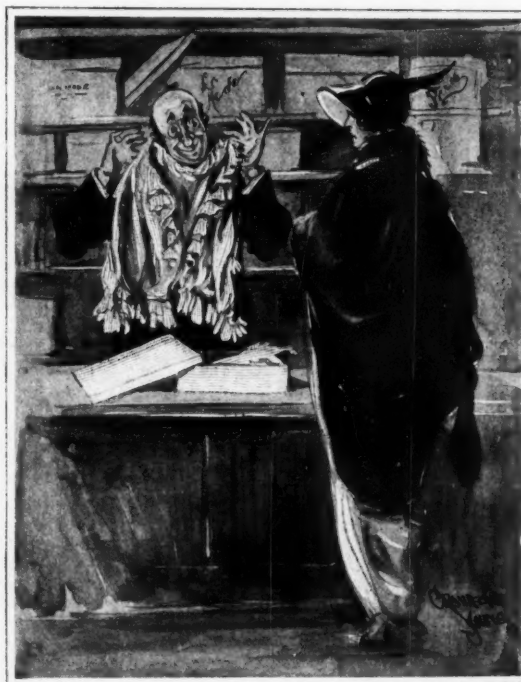
Hydraulic compression is the reason Thermoid has the most uniform gripping power. It explains why its density is fixed. Why it cannot be burned out—nor affected

terial, size for size, than the ordinary. Our Guarantee—Thermoid will make good—or we will.



Mr. Automobile Owner: It costs YOU no more to demand Thermoid. But it means a great deal more to you.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.



"THERE, MADAM, YOU CAN READILY SEE THE CHARMING EFFECT OF THIS WAIST, WHEN WORN!"

Rhymed Reviews

The Valley of the Moon

(By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.)

BIG Billy Roberts drove a dray
When not disturbed by strikes
and lockouts,
And sometimes amplified his pay
By scoring pugilistic knockouts.

He married Saxon Brown, who gained
By laundry work her mess of pot-
tage,
And Happiness and Comfort reigned
Within their four-room Oakland
cottage.

Till labor troubles wrecked their peace;
For Billie struck, obeying orders,
And took to fighting booze, police
And scabs and inoffensive boarders.

Then Saxon said, "Come, Bill, let's
quit;
This city life is sure to floor us;
We'll sell our stuff and pack our kit—
And California's all before us!"

So off they went, companions true,
Along the pleasant roadways tramp-
ing,—
(With Billy getting jobs to do,
At times, to pay their way)—and
camping.

Their feet were hardly ever sore,
They never found their packs too
weighty;
They met, on Carmel's favored shore,
The California Literati,

But had to leave—and much too soon—
These famous folk who thought them
charming,
To seek the "Valley of the Moon"—
Their place of dream, and go to
farming.

And Billy fought for gold, and gave
The other pug a pair of bastings.
They met an Author, whom our brave
But modest Author calls, "Jack
Hastings",

"But Doctor—I can't get
away now for a Rest"

WHEN the nerves cry out—and when the bonds
of business, home ties, or the expense of
travel, hold the sufferer to the beaten path
—a good tonic may bring timely, restorative help.
The very aid the nerves need to *rebuild* them,
to give back the health and courage drained by
work or worry, is brought to them by Sanatogen.
And this nourishing help comes in a form that
makes it natural and easy for the depleted cells
of the system to absorb it.

When more than 19,000 American and Euro-
pean physicians, over their own signatures, speak
of this efficiency of Sanatogen as a restorative help,
when famous men and women everywhere write
grateful letters to tell
of the great and last-
ing benefit Sanatogen
has conferred upon
them—need you hesi-
tate to test the value of
this help for yourself?
Sanatogen is sold by
good druggists every-
where, in three sizes,
from \$1.00.

Prof. C. A. Ewald,
of Berlin University, Doc-
tor honoris causa University
of Maryland, states in his
contribution on "Typhus
abdominalis":
"I can say that I have used
Sanatogen in a great number
of cases (that is, in those dis-
turbances of metabolism which
were mainly of a nervous or
neurosthenic origin) and have
obtained excellent results."

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO.
24E Irving Place New York
Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

SANATOGEN

Send
for **Elbert Hubbard's** new book—"Health in the making." Written in his attractive manner and filled
with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free.
Tear this off as a reminder to address **THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24E Irving Place, New York.**

Introducing to America

NICHOLLS'

Scotch Cream

Great Britain's Standard
Whiskey for 100 years

STRONG & TROWBRIDGE CO.



And found their Valley, sweet and
dear.—

(To name their closest railway sta-
tion

Would never do!—it's much too near
To Mr. London's habitation.)

There Saxon's raising chickens, greens
And garden stuff for salad courses,
And babies, cantaloupes and beans,
While Billy's busy breeding horses.

Arthur Guiterman.



It's "Rikugun" in JAPAN

—Officers' mess we call it. Here the brilliant little soldier of a people whose marvelous ability for imitation has startled the world—demands the international appetizer that has no substitute.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The chosen condiment with the lively flavor that is truly wholesome

Sold by Grocers in every clime

C-2



TANGO vs. TANGLEFOOT

What if dancing proves a temperance agent in disguise? "Trotting" and "Onestepping" on slippery floors, requires a clear head and a sure poise. Of late Many Restaurant owners report a material decrease in wine drinking. The head and feet must be kept steady. Very few women or men seem to care to Tango or get Dancing Exercise unless they are assured the freedom from aching feet that Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, always gives. Since the tendency to hold Dancing Parties has become almost a daily and hourly necessity in every community, the sale of Allen's Foot-Ease, so the Druggists report, has reached the high-water mark. Sold Everywhere 25 cts. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Politics at Home

Little Millie's father and grandfather were Republicans; and, as election drew near, they spoke of their opponents with increasing warmth, never heeding Millie's attentive ears and wondering eyes. One night, however, as the little maid was preparing for bed, she whispered in a frightened voice: "Oh, mamma, I don't dare to go upstairs. I'm afraid there's a Democrat under the bed."

—The Woman's Journal.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Costly Justice

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All I has to say is this, Judge: If you hangs me, you hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee."—Everybody's.

The Twentieth Century Way

Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson, "Return good for evil". To make it practical she said:

"Now, suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple, that would be one way of returning good for evil."

A little girl, sitting in one of the front seats, raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

Climbing

"You folk are being taken up by society, aren't you?"

"Well, we don't believe in bragging, but we know three ladies who smoke cigarettes."—Newark News.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL

Open all year. European Plan. Fireproof. Accommodates 150
All Winter Sports. Booklet. Lake George, N. Y.
ALBERT THIERNOT, Manager



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

Rubber has a way of rebounding. If it's good rubber, it rebounds to the credit of the maker. If it's poor rubber it rebounds—the other way. We hear a lot about the rubber in our tires and tubes. It's worth mentioning.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

Cor. B'way & 57th St., N. Y.

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco,

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
South'n Hdwe & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N.Y.

Bering Tire and Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.
K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.
Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.



Mrs. Hippo: I WISH TO SEE SOME TOOTHBRUSHES

Floorwalker: MOP AND BROOM DEPARTMENT ON THE RIGHT, LADY

Only One Doubt

BRIGGS: Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?

GRIGGS: Only as to religion; as to everything else he knows it all.

—Boston Transcript.

"You are a regular miser!" exclaimed Mrs. Snooper, when her husband refused to give her twenty-five shillings she asked for.

"No, not miser," replied Snooper, "merely an economiser."—Tit-Bits.

Dreer's 1914 Garden Book

New Flowers
you will wish to try will be found in its pages.

New Vegetables
you will want in your garden are there also.

Cultural instructions for growing everything worth growing, by well known experts, will make gardening easy even for the novice.

Over a thousand photographic illustrations and 10 color and duotone plates.

Mailed free to any one mentioning this publication.

DREER'S ORCHID-FLOWERED SWEET PEAS with immense wavy flowers in sprays of 3 and 4 blossoms each just as easy to grow as the common sorts. Our mixture contains a full range of colors. 10c per pkt.; 20c per oz.; 60c per 1/2 lb. Garden book free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have a sample packet
which we would like to mail you.
Ask us for it.

Hampshire Paper Co.
South Hadley Falls Mass.

The Stationery
of a Gentleman

Old Hampshire Bond

Any Evening

SCENE—Upper hall in the average suburban home.

TIME—Early evening. (Papa is smoking a briar-root pipe and pouring over a comic series in the evening paper. Mamma is busy at a desk in the corner writing out an invitation list. A boy about thirteen years old suddenly enters, book and papers in his hand.)

BOY: Mamma.

MAMMA (looking up crossly): Well?

BOY: You promised me a desk somewhere all to myself where I could study.

MAMMA: Well, I'll see about it. Don't bother me now.

PAPA (looking up from the third picture of the series): Why don't you do your studying in school?

The telephone rings. Mamma answers it. She holds the receiver and looks at Papa.

MAMMA: We forgot about that parents' meeting.

PAPA: Parents' meeting! What the devil is that?

MAMMA: It's to-night at the school. You saw the card. I gave it to you.

PAPA: Never saw it. You don't suppose I have time to read all the circulars that come to me, do you? What do they do?

MAMMA: Talk over school affairs.

PAPA: Tell them we are sorry, but

we can't go. Bad enough to have to pay your taxes without being called out to these awful things. In these days a man does not have a moment to himself. Why don't you go?

MAMMA: As if I had time. (She delivers the negative message.)

PAPA (calling the boy): How many things do you have to study?

BOY: Algebra, English literature, physiology, chemistry, Latin, German, French, Eugenics—

PAPA: When did they introduce that?

BOY: Last week.

PAPA: Well that beats everything. That's the trouble with our school system. They have about ten times as much as they can do. It makes me wild. (Picks up his newspaper and prepares to resume. Boy hands him a paper.)

PAPA: What's this?

BOY: That's my monthly report. Will you please sign it on this dotted line?

PAPA (handing it to Mamma): You sign it.

MAMMA (opening the accompanying envelope): Here's a note from the principal. He says—

PAPA: Well, what does he say?

MAMMA (reading): "I should be glad if you would visit the school and become acquainted with the work

which we are attempting, as the co-operation of the parents is essential to the right progress of the pupil."

PAPA: As if I had any time.

MAMMA: I suppose we ought to go, but I have no time, either. (The boy emerges once more.)

BOY: I can't do my lessons if you keep on talking.

PAPA: Well, did you ever hear anything like that? It is getting to be so that we have nothing to say in our own house. Something has got to be done about our school system—that's evident.

MAMMA: Well, why don't you do something?

PAPA: Well, if that isn't just like a woman! Why don't you do something?

BOY (from the distance): You had better not.

PAPA: What do you mean?

BOY: Because.

MAMMA: Come now, Bobbie, you are concealing something. That's what they teach you at school.

BOY (shaking his head solemnly): No, I'm not. It was only what the teacher said.

PAPA (turning over his paper to a new Desperate Desmond series): Well, what did your teacher say?

BOY (grinning): She says if it was not for my parents I might amount to something.

T. L. M.

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY



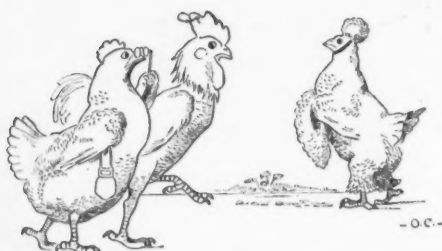
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AS
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The Reason Why

Intention—material—skill—time. This is the whole secret of Cascade's genuine superiority.

Original bottling
has old gold label.

Geo. A. Dickel & Co., Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.



Mr. R.: WHO IS THE PULLET IN THE HAREM PLUMAGE?

"SOME HUSSY, NO DOUBT. NONE OF THE OLD PLYMOUTH ROCK BREED WOULD WEAR DIVIDED FEATHERS."

It Happened in the Dictionary

A ZOUAVE with a zebra,
On a zero night in June,
Wooded a Zulu on a zebu,
'Neath a zingaroguish moon;
In his zeal he strummed a zither,
Called as witness Mister Zeus,
As he told his Zulu Lulu
That he loved her like the deuce.

"You're a zany," she retorted,
"For your name begins with Z,
There's another zone for lovers
That look's very good to me";
Then the zebu zig-zagged onward,
Left the Zouave in a daze,
While the fickle Zulu maiden
Sought a husband in the A's.

H. S. Haskins.

The Procession

ONE bright, balmy day a Scarehead was walking along a road when he met a State Legislature, lolling by the wayside.

"Hello," said the Scarehead; "better get up and come along with me."
"Where are you going?"

"I am going over the hills into the Great Beyond."

So they both went along together. After they had gone a little while they met the Drama playing in a sewer at the corner of the next road. The Drama was covered with dirt and mud, and having a grand old time. Every once in a while some nice young girl would come up, and the Drama would spatter her all over and then laugh.

"Come along with us," said the Scarehead and the State Legislature. "The other side of that hill is the Great Beyond." So the Drama joined the other two and they went merrily along together.

They hadn't gone very far before they met the Servant Problem. The Servant Problem was tearing its hair and stamping around, and then every once in a while it would throw itself upon the ground and insist upon doing nothing. When it saw the three coming alone it said:

"Unless you have all the modern improvements, including two baths on the roof, electric fans in the laundry, a piano in the kitchenette, and four nights a week off, there is no use in talking with me."

"Tut, tut," said the Scarehead, "you need a vacation, anyway; and besides we have got something on hand that is worth while."

So the Servant Problem went along with the rest.

Pretty soon they heard a great shout ahead, and there was the School Fad, busily engaged in tearing down a lovely little schoolhouse and putting up an-



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Nulife
ABDOMINAL BELT

is a health belt in the truest sense. Comfortable to wear. Reduces your abdomen 5 inches or more instantly and supports the back and spine. Gives you a rest-cure while you work and makes you 100% fit every hour of the day. Send \$3 and your waist measure today and receive the Nulife Abdominal Belt prepaid and guaranteed. Send for booklet today. It's free.

PROF. CHAS. MUNTER, (Dept. 144) 141 West 36th Street, New York City

other in its place, consisting of moving picture, phonetic spelling, bricks, rag-time rafters and several other new-fangled notions.

"Come along with us," said the Scarehead. "We need you to make us think we are educated."

So the School Fad joined the others, and they all went along together.

Pretty soon they met Tammany Hall, the Editorial Page, A White Slave,



LILAS DE RIGAUD



"The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories"

AS refreshing as a big bunch of lilacs—fresh cut, a-drip with dew.

There's no truer-to-Nature fragrance in the whole World, and—be sure 'twill stir into life some memory-haunted nook of your brain, where old half-forgotten joys are wont to sleep.

Extract—in slender graceful bottle, \$3.50.

Cold Cream—of fascinating velvety texture—massages perfectly into the skin. In pure white porcelain jar with gilt top, 50c.

Lilas de Rigaud Cold Cream has found splendid favor with men for use after shaving.

Toilet Water, \$3.50; Talcum Powder, 50c.; Sachet Powder, \$1.50; Bath Salt, \$1.00; Face Powder, \$1.00; Soap, \$1.00.

At all high-class Toilet Goods Depts.

Send 15 cents in stamps to Riker-Hegeman, 346 West Fourth St., New York, for sample of Lilas de Rigaud Extract or Sachet.



V. RIGAUD, 16 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

Madam Divorce, the Tango and the Slit Skirt, and, oh, my!—what a time they were all having dancing on the village green.

Madam Divorce was queen of the revels, and when she saw the School Fad and Servant Problem she started to grab them and make them join in the festivities, but they held back.

"We have a great scheme on hand. You must come along with us into the Great Beyond, just over that hill."

So, after some persuasion, they all went along together. The Tango led the way to the music of a ragtime band contributed by the Village Improvement Society, and they traveled and they traveled. They went by beautiful lakes, patriotic statues and skyscrapers, and finally they came to a Country.

"Hello," said the Country; "what do you mean? You look as if you were in some kind of mischief."

"Not at all," said the Scarehead, grouping his companions around him. "You're the country we are living in, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied the Country, "I am the one you are living in. What are you up to now?"

At this they all gathered around the

Country in a circle. Madam Divorce wore her most insinuating smile. The Drama immediately began to dig up the dirt. The State Legislature, for want of anything better, playfully bribed himself, while the White Slave, the Servant Problem and the Slit Skirt all began to dance the turkey-trot.

"What do you propose to do?" said the Country.

"Ladies and gentlemen will please come to order," said the Scarehead. "Now, here are the facts. We have a civic impulse. We have all of us agreed that we must save something. What do you think of the idea of saving you?"

"Splendid thing," said the Country, "if you think it can be done. What would you suggest?"

At this the Editorial Page, who had been asleep up to this moment, woke up and said:

"You ought to know best how to be saved. Just tell us what you think we had better do. You know we may never have an impulse like this again. They say even the worst characters in the world have something good in them. Now is the time. Speak up, old Country, while we are in the mood and tell us what to do."

"Mean it?" asked the Country.

"Yes, yes!"

"Will you do anything I say?"

"Absolutely anything. Makes no difference what it is. For once in our lives we are going to keep our word."

The Country began to blush.

"My friends," she said, "the fact is I—er—don't want to be saved."

"What! Not want to be saved?"

"No; to be perfectly honest, I am so used to having you around that I really couldn't get on without you."

(Finis)

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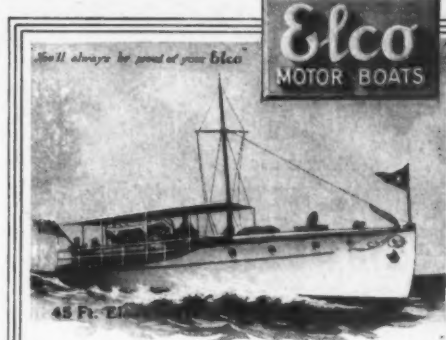
An old-fashioned Inn—walls five feet thick, of granite boulders. Water from slopes of highest mountain east of Rockies; milk and cream supplied exclusively by Biltmore Dairies on estate of George W. Vanderbilt; finest golf links in the South adjoin Hotel. Write for rates and Booklet B.

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175 Avenue A Bayonne, N. J.

27 minutes from Liberty and 23rd Street Ferries, C. R. R. of N. J. to West 8th Street Telephone—470 Bayonne.

About What They're Like

"I fancy last night finished my reputation," said young Harold as his friend looked him up the night after the ball.

"Finished you?" asked the friend.

"Yes, my drunken condition at the ball."

"Why, not at all, man. Haven't you seen this morning's papers? You're the social hero; everybody thinks you have invented a new dance."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

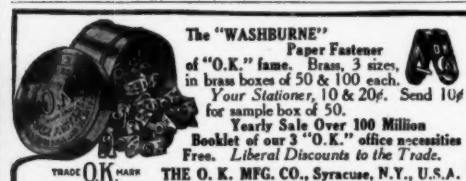


"AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS"



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Bath and Toilet
always use the genuine
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water
imitations of this delicious perfume
are numberless, but it has
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IT REFRESHES AND DELIGHTS
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The Hon. Mr. Beaver

As animal life goes, that of the beaver stands among the best. His life is full of industry and is rich in repose. He is home-loving and avoids fighting. His lot is cast in poetic places. * * * He is practical, peaceful and industrious. He builds a permanent house and keeps it clean and in repair. Beside it he stores food for the long winter. He takes thought for the morrow. These and other commendable characteristics give him a place of honor among the hordes of homeless, hand-to-mouth folk of the wild. During the winter he has but little to do except bathe and eat his two or three meals a day from the food he has stored in autumn. Toward spring, when his wild neighbors are lean, hungry and cold, he is fat and comfortable. In the spring he emerges from the house, but then his only work is occasionally to cut a twig for food. In the summer he plays tourist. He visits other colonies and wanders up and down streams, going miles from home. In the late summer or early autumn he returns, makes repairs, and harvests his food for the winter.

—Enos A. Mills, author of "In Beaver World."

To render a marriage happy, the husband should be deaf and the woman blind.—Proverb.

Worth Knowing

IN a recent editorial in the New York World—those famous editorials that contain so much in so little space—we read that:

Scientists who love to muss up simple facts with big words say that men are dynamic, women static. Men invent, explore, experiment, risk; women conserve, hold fast, guard traditions, proprieties and possessions. Men propose; women dispose, or at any rate oppose; and all progress is conditioned by the perpetual conflict of their divergent forces.

So viewed, the most unanswerable reason in the world for a man's doing or not doing a certain thing is the court of review at home. It is the predestination that ever dogs free will, and from it there is no escape.

Shopping in Dublin

"Mother," said a little girl, looking hungrily around in a toy shop, "may I have anything I want?"

"Certainly, dear," answered Mother lucidly, "but be careful not to want anything you can't have."

—Woman's Home Companion.



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PROF. CHAS. MUNTER
Dept. 13 141 W. 36th St., New York City



St. Peter: THERE'S ANOTHER FINANCIER WHO MISSED HIS FOOTING

Burpee, Philadelphia, is sufficient for the front of a post card. If you will write your own address plainly on the other side we shall be pleased to send THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOG, a bright new book of 182 pages, which should be read by all who would have the best garden possible and who are willing to pay a fair price for **Seeds of the Burpee-Quality**

Thoughts of a Modern Young Woman

I heard such a lovely lecture the other night on the cosmos.

A little group of advanced women that I belong to are specializing this winter on the cosmos.

We took it up, you know, because the other topics we were studying included it so frequently. And it's wonderful; really wonderful!

Of course, an untrained mind will grapple with it in vain. One's interest must be serious and sincere. One must devote time to it.

Otherwise one will get more harm than good out of it, you know.

It's like these new dances that way.

They are so primal, these dances. And all those primal things are dangerous, don't you think? Unless one has poise!

It's odd, too, that some of the most primal people have the most poise, isn't it?

The Swami V— was like that. I've told you about the Swami V—, haven't I?


He wore such lovely robes! You can't buy silk like that in this country.

And he had such a pure look in his eyes. So many of these magnetic people lack that pure look, you know.

He used to give talks to a little group of serious thinkers I belonged to.

He taught us to go into the Silences—only one never quite learned, for some of the girls would giggle. There are always people like that. The dear Swami—he was so patient! It was Occidental levity, he said, and we couldn't help it.

That is one of the main differences



I knew Old Overholt Rye when I was a boy. Its place on the side-board was never vacant and never filled by any other whiskey.

When I close my eyes and sip good

Old Overholt Rye


"Same for 100 Years"

I see the scenes of those early days as though painted by a master hand. It is one of the few things I knew then that has not changed.

Pure and delicious now as in the days of Webster and Jackson.

Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.




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Those with the
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have attributes which the average boat builder cannot even contemplate.

Imagine a wondrously graceful hull, propelled by a magnificent, powerful and silent motor. Imagine yourself reclining upon luxurious upholstery within a mahogany-built motor-boat.

Picture further the touching of a button which electrically starts the motor and sends your craft dashing 20 miles—30 miles—even 40 miles an hour over the waves.

MILWAUKEE YACHT & BOAT COMPANY

Designers and Builders of X-celo Runabouts, X-celo Hydroplanes and X-celo Cruisers
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Picture all this and you have a faint idea of a X-celo Runabout.

We do not construct boats to a price. We design them first, then think of cost. The mottoes of our designing department are seaworthiness, durability, grace, silence, luxury and speed.

Yet, when considering all the exclusive features of X-celo Runabouts, they are the least expensive motor-boats built.

Descriptive folder describing these wonderful craft will be sent upon request.

between the Orient and the Occident, you know.

How wonderful they are, the Orientals. And just think of India, with all its yogis and bazaars and mahatmas and howdahs and rajahs and things!

He was a Brahmin, the Swami was. A Brahmin and a Burman are the same thing, you know.

It's a caste, like belonging to one of our best families.

The Swami explained about the marks of caste, and so forth, to us. And then one of the girls asked him if he was tattooed. The idea!

—Don Marquis, in *N. Y. Evening Sun*.

Trying

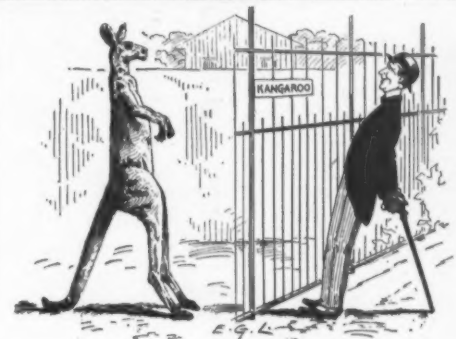
Early in the last century a traveler on the old Châteauguay trail met a man going west with his ox-cart. One of the wheels had been broken, and the mover was mending it. His wife lay sick on a feather bed, under a bark lean-to. His children were shivering in a cold rain. In spite of all this the man was singing as he worked. He greeted the newcomer with a merry jest, and the latter said to him:

"My friend, how in God's name do you manage to keep so cheerful?"

"I've got to," said the mover in a low tone as he paused in his task. "Ye see, I've got to make them believe that we're havin' a good time, an' it keeps me awful busy. To-day, I can hardly believe it myself."—From *"The North Country of New York"*, by Irving Bacheller.

Reprinted from the February Bookman.

METHOD of dealing with the trust problem without solving it is called a dis-solution.—*Wall Street Journal*.



The Man: OH! LOOK AT THE FUNNY WAY HE'S STANDING

Something worth remembering—

Boston Garter

is the only kind with the

"EVERYMAN"



Holds your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

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SAFETY FIRST

The tread that makes the brake effective



When "SHE" Drives

There isn't anything you won't do to make motoring *safe* for her and the kiddies. If you *had* to you'd be mighty extravagant in order to secure "Safety First" for them.

But you don't *have* to be. Goodrich takes care of that for you. Goodrich puts the safety in the construction of the tire itself—puts strength and resilience and service in it. And with all that you have anti-skid, anti-slide, anti-slip sureness in

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

Besides all that, you get lower-cost mileage. The extra thickness of tough Goodrich rubber in the treads at point of contact means longer wear, longer service, longer satisfaction—*money-saving*, of course, and

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Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
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30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

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Use William's Shaving Soaps and you will be

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because they give a quick and copious lather that speedily softens the beard and remains cool and moist as long as you need it.

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because they prepare the beard perfectly for the razor and make shaving a relaxation.

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because you will anticipate your shave with a smile of satisfaction and not with a frown of annoyance.

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because they will make your razor and yourself the best of friends and leave a happy face soft and velvety as a boy's.

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because so little soap is required to make a big, thick, creamlike, lasting lather.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.
After shaving use William's Talc Powder



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In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes, each containing five trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set will be sent for 24 cents in stamps if your dealer does not supply you.